"WHAT THE DAY BROUGHT," AN EASTER STORY IN NEXT WEEK'S OF LEDGER

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THE VEILED UNKNOWN Or THE KIDNAPED MILLIONAIRE

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CHAPTER I.

A NEW YORK MYSTERY.

It was an every day sight in New York, for not one in thousands would have noticed it.

It was only a hack drawn up before a handsome residence, and two men supporting an elderly gentleman, who looked like an invalid, out of it.

Yet there was one man who noticed the fact.

He was passing the door of the handsome home at the time and seemed attracted by the circumstance.

What he noticed was taken in at a glance.

The hack, its general make-up, and the driver on the box were first seen at a glance, then regarded closely.

Two men who were supporting the elderly gentleman to the hack were most minutely observed.

The one who saw them did not appear to do so, however.

What he saw he seemed to absorb in a quick, decided way that showed he was no ordinary individual.

He looked like a beggar; but he was not.

Or he might be a workman out of work to the ordinary observer, or a tramp.

His face was grimed with dirt, and he slouched along in a way that appeared as though he was out with the world and the world at odds with him, that is, one would think so on seeing him.

He did not even seem to see the gentleman and his two assistants going to the hack, and he passed on, while, only across the street, came another individual, who seemed to be down on his luck, though of a sporty character in appearance.

At the corner these two met.

As they did so the first one—the tramp-like looking individual—merely said:

"Champ, follow that hack."

Nothing more was said and the tramp passed on.

As he did so, the hack rolled away, while one of the men who had been escorting the gentleman remained behind and walked down the street very rapidly, after the one addressed as Champ, though not appearing to following him.

The hack turned a corner, and as it did so, passed the rather sporty-looking individual; he attempted to spring on behind, when he was dealt a blow on the back of his head that sent the blood flying and laid him half unconscious on the pavement.

The one who had dealt the blow was the one of the two men who had not entered the hack.

Instantly upon striking the blow, he turned and disappeared up an alley near by.

The fallen man tried to rise; but for a moment could not do so.

At last he did rise, but was in a dizzy condition.

He saw the hack disappear around the corner.

The one who struck him had disappeared also; but he knew that it was the man who had not entered the hack with the other.

He then walked to the corner and tried to find his tramp-like looking friend, who had ordered him to follow the hack.

He, too, had disappeared.

Tying a handkerchief around his head and bleeding from a severe scalp wound, he walked slowly along the street.

It was in a resident part of the city, in upper New York, above Fortieth street, and not very far from Broadway.

The man went across to Broadway, walking slowly, as though still feeling the result of the blow he had received.

Arriving at Broadway, he turned up that

broad thoroughfare, and passed into a large building; he ascended to the floor above and hailed at a door, on which was a sign that read:

"Detective Agency. All kinds of secret cases taken. Richard Carlton, Manager."

He took a key from his pocket, opened the door and entered.

It was a reception room he found himself in, plainly but comfortably furnished.

No one was there.

Crossing to a door that led into another room, he entered, to find there the very person in the garb of a tramp, who had told him to follow the back.

"I lost it, Dick, and that is the reason," and he pointed to the cut on his his head and walked to a toilet room to bathe the wound.

"Too bad you were hurt, Champ; one of those men gave it to you, I suppose."

"Yes; he slipped up behind me just as I was going to lag on the back, to be there when it got to where it was going; he dealt me the blow with a pair of brass knuckles, then he skipped for I was partly stunned. The hack disappeared before I got my thinker in working order again, and whether any I looked for you, you, too, were gone, so I came here."

"I'm glad it was no worse," said the other, at the same time from a closet a handsome suit of clothes and placing it on the chair.

"We failed in tracking the man we were after," he continued, "and slipped up on this trick; but I am sure the two men with that old gentleman in the hack were working a confidence game of some kind, and on to the doctor on the next floor, got him to fix up that evil eye, and then find out who that old gentleman was."

"If they are not crooks, then I am greatly mistaken," Champ remarked, and left the room to go to see the doctor.

Meanwhile the man who appeared as a tramp, revealed the fact by taking off his outer clothing and other things that he would wear did not appear to go with the rough garb of a beggar.

He quickly rubbed himself in the clothing he had laid on the chair, put on a spotless shirt, and had the appearance of being well dressed, of being a swell of the first order.

He was a tall, muscular man of athletic build, with broad shoulders and evidently the possessor of great strength.

His face was clean shaven, and a study for an artist who sought to find a face of strong nature, resolute, daring, intelligent and at the same time in many respects, taking he tired.

When he had finished his toilet, he entered the reception room, and passed across it to a room on the other side.

He found himself in a cozy little den, very comfortable in appearance, and evidently a room of refined and educated man.

There were books there, a map of the city of New York on the wall, several handsome engravings, a mantel that was draped veiled, as though the picture was not to be seen.

Walking up to this, he drew the veiling aside, and it revealed a lot of photographs of men all with a strong resemblance.

There were a number of sheets of these photographs, each one of them was pinned on a blank.

Slowly he turned one sheet after the other and looked closely at each.

Taking a dark lantern from a closet, he lighted it and threw the full force upon each photograph, holding a magnifying glass over the face so that it was revealed distinctly and much enlarged.

"I don't seem to see the faces here," he said, "at least not from the glimpse I got of them; but those two men were crooks beyond a doubt, and Champ's getting a good blow from one of them proves it."

Just then the sudden jar rang and a moment after a knock came upon his door.

"A key to see you, sir," said a man, entering the room.

"Who is she?"

"Don't know, sir, never saw her before and didn't see her this time because she wears a veil."

"She is a woman, then, Matsy?"

"She is dressed that way, but there is no telling," was the answer.

The striking-looking occupant of the room turned down the gas so that the light would fall upon the visitor while keeping him in the shadow.

He half opened a drawer to his right hand and in it was revealed a revolver, cocked and ready to be used.

At his left hand was a light, cane chair, which he drew to be grasped in an instant and used either as a seat or a weapon.

Hanging at the back of the chair by which he sat, was a club, which was within easy grasp of his hand.

The chair for his visitor was opposite and within five feet of him.

"Show her in, Matsy," he said.

"I'll do it, sir, and if your bright eyes can see through that veil, then they are like cat's eyes in the dark," said Matsy, and he left the room.

A moment after a lady in mourning and with a deep veil wholly covering her face was shown in by the servant, whether she was white, black, Chinese or Indian, entered the room.

CHAPTER II.
THE VEILED VISITOR.

As the veiled visitor entered the room the man rose from his chair, though without the slightest show of haste, and began looking upon his desk.

At the same time he bowed in a very courtly manner.

"You wish to see me, madam?" he said.

"Are you Mr. Richard Carlton, the New York detective?" she asked, in response to his words.

"I am, madam."

"Then you are the one that I have come to New York to see."

"Ah, some private service work, madam, I take it, in which you require my services."

"Yes, sir; there is a case on which I wish to engage your services. I am well prepared now to tell you about it, but I came to ask if I take certain steps that I have in mind, that you will be retained for me a mystery, upon which a great deal depends, many lives, and I may say that it is a mystery of life and death."

"Yes, madam, I think that no one can come to some arrangement as to this matter. Sit down and tell me all that you think necessary."

She took the seat opposite to Detective Dick Carlton, and one that also would remove her veil and give him a view of her face.

She did no such thing.

She held on to the impenetrable to him as a black mask would have been.

By her words alone and voice he felt that she was a lady.

"Mr. Carlton," as she resumed, and took her seat as he did, "I have a delicated finding an important letter here that would give me quite a clue to the case which I wished to lay before you. Instead, I found one that would show me that I have been called me sent later. This will delay me for some little time in New York, but I decided to come here and see you, and then return home and engage your services for the work in hand, and this by the mail that you have great importance."

Dick Carlton merely bowed and waited.

"Now, sir, money is not to be taken into consideration, but I wish to pay you a fee for your services, and you will serve me when I call on you."

"Certainly, madam, though the fee is not necessary in a case where I know with whom I am dealing."

"You do not know with whom you are dealing, nor do I know what you charge."

"Then money talks in a case of this kind," was the quiet reply.

She took from her pocket a well-filled purse, drew out a roll of bills and laid it upon the desk, saying, "There are one hundred dollar figure upon it."

"Most if you will, sir," she added, fingering other bills of the same denomination.

"That is ample for a retainer, madam," and Dick Carlton laid the bills in a drawer.

"I am not from New York, sir, but from the West. I am a widow, and what was given your address by a detective agency in Denver that I called on, and I detective mind to place you on the case."

"Thank you, madam."

"Nothing that would be delayed here, I came to get acquainted."

"This seems a needful acquaintance, madam," Dick Carter said, with a smile, "for I have not the honor to know with whom am I veiled visitor is."

"And there is no necessity to know."

"Nor yet do I know the case upon which I am engaged."

"That will come in time, sir."

"A divorce case, may I ask?"

"I am not engaged, sir."

"A widow, perhaps?"

"I have never been married, sir."

"A breach of promise case?"

"No, sir."

"I will hide my time until you see fit to tell me, madam, or rather as I should have said, miss."

"Yes, sir."

"Then miss, widow, and certainly not an old maid," muttered Dick Carlton to himself, and somehow he felt that the face behind the veil was young and full of attraction.

The voice was strangely soft and musical, and yet of strength, and grew weak with agitation in its every utterance.

"Some girl disappointed in love, or that wishes to shadow the man she loves," muttered Dick Carlton, "or to shadow another woman."

But he made no such comment aloud.

"I will give you a retainer for this money, miss, and shall deem myself at your service whenever you see fit to call on me. Here is my card and my telephone number and my office is open day and night."

"Thank you, sir," she took the card and added, "no receipt is necessary, sir; your face vouches for your honesty."

"Tatty," thought Dick, but he did not say it aloud.

She rose to go forward and here Dick Carlton's hand was upon the door to let her pass through, when he said before opening it:

"Am I not, then, to know the name even of my visitor, for how will I know who it is that called?"

She simply handed a card upon which there was no address.

Dick glanced at the card and said, simply:

"Miss Dewhurst, I shall hold myself at your command."

She bowed and Dick Carlton escorted her to the outer door.

As he did so, he had his finger upon an electric button.

Closing the door behind her, Dick Carlton found Matsy before him in answer to the pressure of the button.

The call had been a peculiar one and Matsy came with hat and coat on; in fact, he did not appear to be the one who first announced the coming of the veiled visitor.

"You saw that veiled woman in black, Matsy?"

"Shadow her to where she lives and find out what you can."

Matsy disappeared, and Dick Carlton returned to his private office, muttering to himself:

"A strange woman, that veiled visitor, and one who has some secret to solve, a secret out of the usual way."

CHAPTER III.
A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL.

With many other interests of a secret nature to run down, the great detective, Carlton, seemed to have forgotten that he had had a visit from the veiled and mysterious lady in black, for the fact that he held in his keeping a crisp one hundred dollar bill, a retainer for a case about which he knew no more than he did about the strange visitor to his office.

Matsy had returned after a couple of hours' absence from the office with the report that the veiled woman had gone to a prominent city hotel on Broadway, she engaging a room, the entrance and going out to the parlor.

He had in his hand the card given him by his chief and upon which was written only the name, "Miss Dewhurst."

Matsy went to the hotel and glanced over the register.

He then went up to the clerk and asked if Miss Dewhurst was a guest at that hotel.

The clerk glanced at the name as he did so, as quick as the headlight of a locomotive on a dark night, gave him an indifferent glance, and said:

"Don't know."

"Can't find out," said Matsy.

"Don't have to," was the answer.

"Are you sure?"

"No."

"Beg pardon, who shall I find out from?"

"The gentleman on duty."

Matsy gave him a look of contempt, but said, quietly:

"Young fellow, this badge will show who I am, and you will find yourself in trouble if yours. Is that lady here?"

The clerk was now alarmed to the realization of being very much alive the moment, his job and position in danger of being lost.

A glance showed him that the man on duty was not on duty in that office just at that time.

The man on duty was arguing some case with a lawyer, and the clerk had called to see him a moment before.

He looked over the register, as did also the man on duty, so the swell clerk who didn't like to be called down, saw the two names and failed to find the name of Miss Dewhurst.

No such lady lady is stopping here, nor has been for a month past, Mr. Officer," he said, politely.

Matsy failed to thank him and bounded out upon the street outside.

Miss Dewhurst had disappeared.

A rapid search of the hotel failed to find her.

Dumn that clerk with his locomotive headlight eyes, he must have given the slip from me," said Matsy.

Try as he would, he failed to find Miss Dewhurst.

A walk up and down Broadway and the side streets did not help him, and much crestfallen at his failure, he returned to report to Detective Carlton his ill luck.

"All right, Matsy, better luck next time," was the consoling answer.

"If she does not return we have a hundred dollar retainer from her, and that is made, and if she does return, we have what I know to be a very interesting case on our hands."

"A murder case?" asked Matsy, who always had a relish for that of a mystery.

"Don't know; it may be."

Just then Champ came into the room.

The doctor had fixed him up in great shape, and he said that his feelings were more hurt at his lack of success in following that hack, than was his head by the brass knuckles by which he received the blow.

"Champ, you and Matsy have both slipped a cog today in the shadowing business, though I do not blame you," and then Dick Carlton added, "Now, Champ, I wish you to find out who that old gentleman was, and if he is a stranger in town, that drove him away from his home, if it was his home."

Champ went out to obey orders.

An hour later he returned, and said:

"That old gentleman, Delafield, a quiet old gentleman who lives in his home alone with his servants. I chinned the house servant that I called, and learned that he wished to consult him on some property he owned, and told me that Mr. Delafield had gone to Boston by the Fall River steamer, for there is a mystery in that case I am determined to solve."

"Yes, and I want to get even with that fellow who struck me. I sated a policeman on the docks if such a hack as I described had been there and an old gentleman had gotten out of it to go on board. He was convinced that there had not, and, knowing me, he was willing to have me try and remember; but I will telegraph and keep my eyes open for anything I may find out in the matter."

"Very well," Dick Carlton seemed to have dismissed the subject with these words, while Matsy said:

"And I bring a bright looking girl in black of yours."

Champ's astounding attention from Dick Carlton and his two aids since the case of Mr. Delafield and the veiled visitor in black were forgotten for a day or two.

Then an item in the New York Herald attracted the attention of Dick Carlton.

It was a brief one, telling that Delafield, a millionaire resident of the city and his two children had left home to go to Boston for a day or two. As he had not returned home after several days, the housekeeper in his New York home had written to the address of his friend in Boston and discovered that he had not been there.

Also an item in the paper having attracted the attention of Detective Champ, and which stated that some one, no one knew who, had sprung a package on the Fall River steamer on the night of the day of his going from New York.

She knew that Mr. Delafield was very down-hearted and she feared that the unwelcome package might prove to be a gentleman, who in a fit of despondency had taken his own life.

Two gentlemen, it was further stated, had called at the residence of Mr. Delafield to take him to the steamer, he supposing them to be friends of his, and more she did not know.

Such was the item that Dick Carlton read in the Herald, a week after the departure of Mr. Delafield from his home.

Then came the letter, and two allies, Champ and Matsy, and said:

"I know that there is a mystery in that case and doubtless that old man was taken away to be murdered. He did not commit suicide, I am sure of that, and there was a motive for it. The house has not been robbed, and as he had a large investment of money with him, when he went away, there is in all respect nothing to suggest that of a small robbery. Boys, we must get at the bottom facts of this case."

The three detectives at once decided to take the matter in hand; but days passed by and the old gentleman could not be found, nor could any clew be discovered to lead to the finding of his whereabouts.

In New York the most extravagant cases were reported each day; but for a time after that time, even the circle in which Mr. Delafield moved almost ceased to discuss the affair.

Dick Carlton's secret service cases continued to move along in their peculiar and mysterious ways, here and there he and his allies were found doing good services, shadowing crooks, running down murderers, and generally doing the duty of men in hunting down the sharks of New York.

In doing these duties, the veiled visitor of Dick Carlton was almost forgotten, but one day Matsy was taken all aback in answering the bell at the office door, to discover before him Miss Dewhurst, the lady who had so severely nagged him at the hotel, when he had shadowed her there.

Champ was in his room and Dick Carlton was in his private office, and to here the name was taken to him.

Matsy had no idea that there was a smile beneath that black veil, significant of the pleasure that the wearer felt in thus seeking her that day; but he could only guess at this.

"She's here, sir," said Matsy.

"Who is she?" asked Dick Carlton.

"She—she veiled visitor," said Matsy, with surprise.

"Ah, you spoke as if there was but one woman in the world for me. Show her in, Matsy, and I presume this time to find out more about her. Matsy, let Champ shadow this door. Even if I find out myself, it is well to know more and have help in his duties as the veiled visitor entered.

"Be seated, Miss Dewhurst," he said, pleasantly.

"Had you given up seeing me again, Mr. Carlton?"

"Why should I?"

"Well, it has been some time since I was here, you know."

"Secret services often hang on for years," Dick Carlton replied.

"I suppose so, but really think I could stand the strain of time," she answered.

Then she added:

"Are you ready now to listen to me?"

"Perfectly."

"I have received letters which I needed and some I had not expected."

"I am listening, Miss Dewhurst."

"I came to New York for you to solve a certain mystery for me, that is, to see if you could find a certain individual, if such an individual really existed."

MORE THAN HALF.
Suffer From Coffee Drinking.

Coffee does not set up disease with all people; many it does, however, affect so injuriously does create disease in thousands and thousands of cases perfectly well authenticated research has clearly set to coffee as the nothing else.

This statement may hurt the feelings of some coffee drinkers but the facts are exactly what they are.

Make inquiry of some of your coffee drinking friends and you may be certain of one thing, one half of them, yes more than half, suffer from some sort of incipient or chronic disease. If you have any doubt of the coffee, or would prefer to prove it is not the cause in your cases, take coffee away from those persons for from ten days to a month, don't change the food in any other way but give them Postum Food Coffee, and the proof of whether coffee has been the trouble or not will be plain before you in unmistakable terms.

A young lady in the St. Mary's Academy, Winnipeg, Can., says, "One of our teachers suffered long while from indigestion. She was a coffee drinker. She became worse steadily and finally was reduced to a point where the stomach will retain any food, and then electricity was tried but without result. Instead of growing weak we grew fast and the doctor said the case was practically incurable.

"About that time I was attracted to a statement in one of the papers regarding the poisonous effect of coffee and the value of Postum Food Coffee. The statement was not extravagant but couched in terms that won my confidence and aroused me to the belief that it was true. I persuaded our teacher to leave off the morning cup of coffee altogether and use Postum Food Coffee.

"A change took place. She began to get better. She has now regained her strength and is able to eat almost every kind of food and has taken her position as teacher again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

"There was a doubt of his existence, then?"

"How did you know it was a he, Mr. Carlton?"

"I suspected it. Miss Dewhurst, from there being a fair woman in the case."

"You do not know that I am fair or hideous or ugly," she said, sharply.

"No; and I do not attempt to solve a secret that is kept from me by a beautiful woman," was Dick Carlton's reply, and then he added, quickly, "but you have found out that this person you are on the track of really existed?"

"I have. He lives in Chicago. He is a professional gambler there, a fact unknown about town, getting his money from others as best he can and maybe even worse."

"Not altogether an agreeable person then?"

"No; but the letter I have in his morning tells me that one here in New York, who was of great interest to him—to this man I refer to in Chicago—has disappeared from his home here."

"Ah! been kidnaped?" asked Dick Carlton.

"I fear so. He disappeared from his home and it is thought that he committed suicide. Being an officer of the secret service you may have noticed an item in the paper of the disappearance of Mr. Basil Delafield."

"I did notice such an item; he was supposed to have jumped overboard and taken his own life, while he was temporarily deranged, 'this is a wheel within a wheel. Strange to say that Mr. Delafield and my veiled visitor should be allied."

"I do not think," resumed the veiled visitor, "that it was a case of suicide."

"You do not think so?"

"No."

"Well, not may I ask?"

"I have good reasons for not believing it."

"What do you believe, may I ask?"

"I may make a very startling accusation."

"You have proof to sustain you," answered Dick Carlton.

"I am sure I have."

"May I ask again what you think?"

"I believe that it was a deliberate case of murder."

"That Mr. Delafield was murdered?"

"Yes; that the lost millionaire was put to death."

"A rather severe charge, indeed," said Dick Carlton.

"I make it again, he was deliberately murdered," said the veiled visitor, and she arose from her seat and rapidly paced the floor.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VEILED VISITOR'S SECOND VISIT.

At the evident excitement shown by his veiled visitor, Dick Carlton showed no interest apparently.

His face was a study in model as it were.

If there was an expression upon it in eyes or mouth save the one that usually dwelt there, the veiled visitor did not see it through her veil.

He was simply playing a quiet, waiting game.

In the little that she had said, he had discovered, as he said, 'that there was a wheel within a wheel.'

The mysterious disappearance of the lost millionaire, was in some unfathomable way, connected with his veiled visitor, Miss Dewhurst, who had so cleverly thrown Matsy off her track he had also accepted as a shadow her.

Miss Dewhurst paced the room for a minute or two.

Dick Carlton could not see beneath that veil; but to one, well trained as he was in reading human nature—even woman nature—her every movement showed that she was excited.

He uttered not a word, neither went on with the work which her coming had interrupted—he pretended to work.

At last she resumed her seat.

Dick Carlton looked up from his desk and turned to her.

He did not wish her to see that he had noticed her motions particularly.

"Detective Carlton?"

"Miss Dewhurst."

"From what I see of your face, I feel that you are the very man to help me."

"To help one whose face I do not see," suggested Dick Carlton.

"Nor will you, for there is no need to."

"Perhaps so, Miss Dewhurst."

"Regard me simply as though you were talking to one in the dark, or perhaps, I might say of this age of invention, one to whom you were talking over the telephone."

"I think I would even know something of the one I talked with."

"You hear my voice, yes, and that is all that you need have as a guide. This case, Mr. Carlton, is one that interests me deeply. It is a case of which most men and myself, perhaps I might add, a woman is in the case beside myself, is interested in. It concerns large sums as well as my own. When I first came to New York, as I believed, I was fully prepared to act. A letter failing to reach me, caused me to wait. Since then certain developments have arisen that have made a change somewhat in my plan. Other persons have come into the case; those whom I least expected. The truth is, Mr. Carlton, you have a very complicated case on your hands. If you still care to continue in this one, without knowing who or what I am, and therefore not knowing one—"

"I am wholly at your service, Miss Dewhurst, and I never back down in anything I undertake. Big odds against me do not matter; I am in your cause to win. Now, tell me all that you care to; but, pray, make a closer breast of it, so that I may not be acting in the dark."

"I will try and do so. I appreciate your position, Mr. Carlton, and wish I could tell you who I am, and my interest in the case. If and perhaps later, you discover all that you should; but if there is a failure to follow, all that you shall know is that a vain visitor led you into an undertaking which for once failed you."

"A love affair and a kidnaping case," smiled Dick Carlton.

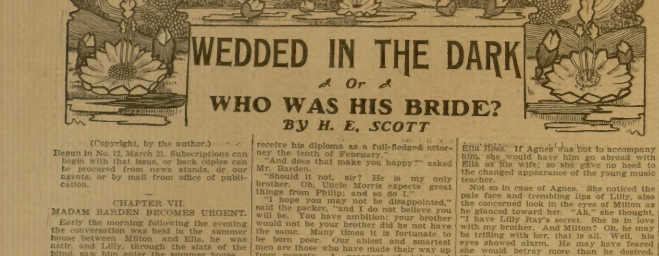
"Yes; and more."

"Yes; a veiled visitor," added Dick Carlton.

"Now, Mr. Carlton, I have letters, as I told you, from the West, and I expect to receive more; but I will give you what information I have. There is a gentleman now dwelling in Chicago who lived a rather fast life, and his father, as a training for a better life, one that would give him command of himself, bought a ranch in the far Western country and settled him upon it. This gentleman prospered as a rancher, but he preferred some other work and having an opportunity to sell out at a large profit, did so, went to Chicago and invested his money in the business center. Of this change in affairs he did not acquaint his father until he felt that he was prosperous, and now, when he intended to do so, he finds that his father was kidnaped from his New York home, and has gone, and, as he believed, for the purpose of murder. This gentleman to whom I refer, Mr. Carlton, had given up his fast life, after meeting there one whom he became much interested in, but between his father and himself there existed a certain restraint, a coldness, which he hoped to break through, when he convinced his father that his former life had been changed, but he was no longer leading a wayward and fast existence. When living on the ranch he had won a sworn the friendship of a strange character. This man came to where Mr. Carlton's fellow, one who gambled to win and shot to kill, an all-around sport, a man who had been in every profession, and that, apparently, was his only occupation. This gambler, after the departure of the man I speak, gave up his claim in the Western country, and came to Chicago, where he did very long in following to that city. There seemed to be but one reason for such a motive of friendship for him that prompted this gambler sport to follow him, for from how him he went, and from him, at first came to New York it was with the expectation of finding out just what relation between this young man and his father, and having done so, to report to that man as to whether his father was still regarding him as a son or as one whom he had cast out of his love altogether.

"Letters I have received since I arranged my plans, show that this person, kidnaped, perhaps murdered by this time, and if he has been murdered, the one accused of it, whom I have reference is no longer the direct heir to the estate, Mr. Carlton, and in this estate, is not alone what bothers this young man. It is that person, and by him, whom he fondly loved, has been foully dealt with, and that another may lay claim to his property. Another in every way unworthy of him. Now, Mr. Carlton, my desire is that you find out where the millionaire, who, if not dead, is certainly lost to all those who should know of his whereabouts, is living or in his grave. I refer to the millionaire, Basil Delafield, said to have been aboard the ocean liner, Fall River steamer some weeks since."

"I shall undertake the case, and at once to do so; but in confidence, for you have not answered my last query, as to whom you look for advice, let me say that the gambler is not alone what bothers this young man. It is that person,



WEDDED IN THE DARK

A Or A

WHO WAS HIS BRIDE?

BY H. E. SCOTT

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CHAPTER VII.

MADAM BARDEN BECOMES URGENT.

Early the morning following the evening the conversation was held in the summer house between Milton and Ella, he was nastir, and Lilly, through the slats of the blind, saw him enter the summer house.

Now, Lilly had passed a very restless night. The poor girl had come to the conclusion that, notwithstanding the protests of Milton, she but shared his heart with some one else, and that one, perhaps, the daughter of a wealthy house, a handsome proud lady, and one who already moved in aristocratic society, would one day become his wife, while she, the poor girl, in the end time, would be rejected.

She did believe that Milton loved her; but she argued: "The inequality of things renders it unreasonable. He will not be able to withstand the influence of his mother, and will not be true to me when he can wed the wealthy Miss Rose."

Lilly had shed bitter tears, but she had resolved to that morning tell Milton good-by, and seek another home. She could not bear longer to dwell beneath the same roof with him, feeling that she had given him her heart, only to have it cast aside, as she felt that it would be.

She looked sad and dejected when she entered the door of the summer house.

"What, my dear love!" exclaimed Milton; "why that sad face?"

"Don't, Milton, don't! You must never utter such again. Surely, I shall never become your wife, yourself must know that come to the conclusion that you could not wed a penniless girl. I doubt not that you were fully as happy last evening, seated here with Miss Rose by your side, as you would have been had it been me. You may have accepted your mother's wishes with her, Milton, Milton! I feel that it can never be."

"Why, darling, you are needlessly agitated. I understand it all. From your window you saw me enter our retreat last night. You and my sister and Miss Ella after it afterward. Saw my sister depart. My pet, you are jealous; you fear that I am also in love with the fair Ella. Ah, little girl, I know you not, how—oh, you can't get away. I do love Ella."

"Oh, Milton! Milton!"

"Yes, Lilly, for she is the promised wife of your brother Philip."

"Impossible!"

"It is quite true, Lilly. We are sworn friends. I have her confidence, and she mine; and she greatly desires an opportunity to tell you how she loves you."

"Why, her parents will never consent!"

"Nevertheless, she will become Philip's wife, dear, when he has received his diploma and engaged in business. There will be an elopement. She knows that her father and parents will not forgive them, once she is Philip's wife. Oh, she is true to the one she loves.

"Oh, Milton, dare she do that?"

"Certainly, for she feels that her life's happiness is at stake; and, if necessary, Lilly, after they have become united, you and I will follow suit. Now, you know what Miss Ella and I were saying when you and were so long closeted here in the summer house.

"Agnes but brought Ella here and left her to give me an opportunity to declare myself. Our two mothers have determined that he shall become man and wife; but we have a thorough understanding in our case. Just let things drift along as though their wishes to be consummated. When the time comes won't there be consternation in the two households?

"I judge there will be, Milton; and there I was so foolishly crying, with a breaking heart.

"All is well that ends well, sweet Lilly."

"Yes, Milton; but we have not reached the end yet. Dear, dear Philip, I wonder if I might write him to-day?"

"Not a word, Lilly; you see, while he thinks he all night long with him to elope, he might not think so in regard to his sister; and then he might think it was his duty to speak to your mother, who might write to mother. Oh, no, trust nothing to paper, for even if your brother acquiesces in our plans, telltale letters might in some way divulge sweet secret to others."

"Oh, Milton, you have made me so happy. I wish I could talk with Miss Rose. Oh, I must, if she is to be my brother's wife. I know I shall love her. Did she know you would like her secret to me?"

"Certainly. She wished me to do so. She longs for an opportunity to greet her future husband's sister."

As long as they stayed, this toying couple sat planning for the future, and when the fragrant beverage served at the breakfast table the happy look on the features of Milton clearly denoted to his mother that Ella Ross and himself had arrived at an understanding, while the added color in the face of the young music teacher caused Aunt Sarah to exclaim:

"Miss Lilly, your cheeks are as red as roses this morning. You look charming."

"I—I am," said Lilly. "I received a letter from my brother this morning. He will receive his diploma as a full-fledged attorney the tenth of February."

"And does that make you happy?" asked Mr. Barden.

"Should it not, sir? He is my only brother. Oh, Uncle Morris expects great things from Philip; and so do I."

"I hope you may not be disappointed," said the packer, "and I do not believe you will be. Has your brother any ambition; your brother will be your brother did he not have the same. Many times it is fortunate to be born poor. Our oldest and smartest men are those who have made their way up from poverty. The prospect of inherited wealth, by many young men, causes them to grow up in idleness, and with no ambition other than to handle the money their parents accumulated perhaps by lives of industry and frugality. Every young man should have within himself the means of accomplishing something. Then wealth often takes wings and flies away."

"According to your ideas, then," said Celia, "Milton should have been a tradesman or a professional man?"

"Oh, I have no doubt Mr. Mumford of Milton, wife. While you have been drilling him for business, Milton has been storing away their useless. I assure you he is tolerably well acquainted with the details of my business, but now I must speak of something else. I have received a letter last night, but for lack of an opportunity did not read it.

"Our European trade has grown to that extent that it has become necessary for me to have a representative in Liverpool. Some matters of detail, too, have become complicated, and it is necessary that I send a gentleman there to attend to them. You know that Milton is not regarded by me as a business man, and I have done when I notify you that I have selected him for the responsible duty. He must leave here on the first of November."

"What, my son Milton to go abroad and engage in business with me? Why can you think of such a thing, Joseph?"

"It is necessary, wife, that one of us go. A large portion of the business of the house, representing in the aggregate many millions of dollars annually, is in peril. I can trust no one safely but myself, and such a short time, and then you take it for granted that I wish to go?"

"The marriage would be so fitting, my son. Oh, Ella's mother and I have quite decided on it. Mrs. Ross is a widow. She knows you love her, and then look at the wealth Ella will inherit. It is fortunate that you, too, will be wealthy or you could never hope to win her; but think if you should lose his wealth? He states, even now, that he is not a rich man."

"True, I love Ella, mother, and I am pleased to think that I shall win her, as she is not indifferent to me; but, really, you do not understand, mother. I was not worth a dollar I would stand an equal chance of winning her hand. Wealth is not her only attraction. She is lovely, and I love her for mine.

"My son, that is because you were born to wealth, but I assure you, that without it you will be unable to win her parents. If there is no happiness; at least, for cultured people, I shall see no peace after you are gone unless Ella becomes your wife, your wife. I know that it is possible to bring it about. Remember, I have hopes for you. Surely, you cannot deny me."

"My own mother, I have no will to marry yet; probably Ella has not. I am not thinking of such business. There is time enough to talk of such matters when I return."

"But, my son, in the meantime some one else may win the affections of the fair Ella. Indeed, I noticed this morning that you had met often, even in Europe or America."

"Oh, mother, mother, mother, will it not be a clear indication that she prefers me to Philip?"

"There are other young men with brilliant prospects, Milton. My heart is fixed on this matrimonial alliance, and do not you be betrothed of Ella before you leave for Europe."

"I will promise to write to her, mother. It will be the first letter I have ever written."

"That does not satisfy me, my son. I would be nearer seeing my hopes realized."

"I hardly think you will, mother, in the short time I yet remain."

"Well, we shall see. I will talk with you again. I yet expect to see Ella accompany Agnes to Europe, and remain with you, as the madam passed into the parlor.

"If she will be true to the plan that is evolving in my brain at this time," thought the girl, "she will be shortly after left the house, "this would be an unquiet household. And in that plan a lovely girl figures, but the girl is not a music teacher, but a lady, but my heart's queen, sweet Lilly Ray."

CHAPTER VIII.

PULLING THE WOOL OVER MAMMA'S EYES.

The young music teacher lay on a couch in her room bowed down with grief when Milton left the house.

The thought that the great ocean would soon lay between her and the one she now loved with her whole soul overpowered her.

"Oh, Milton, Milton!" she cried; "would you will see some one more attractive on the British Isle than the poor music teacher, and when you return perhaps you will have wedded to another. Oh, my heart! my heart!"

"Not until tomorrow morn can I hear words of love again. All the day long my heart will be crying out; on the first of November the light will go out of my life, but, no—the thought is idle. I cannot bid him company; he dare not—will not ask me, and take me with him. Yet Milton loves me. I must not think of him with him. I will trust you, my love; you could not deceive me. Would I could talk with Miss Rose, but patience, patience, I must wait."

Now, after Milton's departure, Mrs. Barden concluded that in the furtherance of her plans it was highly necessary that she see Mrs. Rose at once. So she ordered the carriage, and was driven to the Rose residence on Prairie avenue, with a reserve that, with Mrs. Ross seated beside her, the two madams were soon being driven through South Park, where, away from the noise and bustle of the city, Mrs. Barden had every opportunity to unbosom herself without fear of interruption.

"My dear Mrs. Ross," she remarked, as she approached the subject that had brought her out that early in the day. "Without quick and decided action on our part, something may arise that may thwart our plans for our children's union."

"Indeed, Mrs. Barden, what now, I had thought that matters in that direction were progressing finely."

"They have been, my dear friend, but unexpectedly contingencies have arisen that render it necessary that I go to depart for England on the first of November."

"For England? Is it possible?"

"Yes, my husband is connected with my husband's business. You know he has an immense business in Europe, and it frequently becomes necessary for a representative in Liverpool. He assures me that he can trust no one except himself, and that his presence there for the coming two years is absolutely necessary."

"I need not say how terribly I felt at the knowledge that my daughter is to be left behind at this of all times, when we had such fair prospects before us. Oh, I hope you don't know, my dear Mrs. Ross, how my heart is set upon seeing our children united in her my son's bride. I can absolutely think of nothing else."

"You cause me to feel much flattered, Mrs. Barden, but I assure you I feel much the same as yourself. Indeed, I have been pleased at the prospect, and your son must be aware that my fondest hopes are realized."

"My dear Mrs. Ross, not necessarily so. I think not necessarily so."

"Why, my dear madam, I thought, you said he was fond of Ella?"

"Quite true, but, why, Mrs. Ross, can not a bride accompany him? Why can they not be married before the expiration of the month?"

"Why, Mrs. Barden, and I lose my child so soon?"

"I would be such satisfaction to know that our children were united before our hearts approved, and think of the danger that would be apparent may arise. They are both young, and either of them may meet with some attraction where they fancy they love more than they do the one to whom they are betrothed. You know young people are romantic. Surely it would be well and seemed so happy in each other's society."

"Why, my dear friend, Mrs. Ross, I feel quite sure that my daughter is in much attracted by Milton. Why, only this morning she told me that Milton was a higher opinion of him than of any young man in Chicago, and not without reason, for you say no should he ask her to become his wife. He might be in Europe for two early a union, and again the knowledge that he would return for two years abroad might incline her to wish to accompany him."

"Just my opinion, Mrs. Ross, but if words are necessary, will you, as you can, speak to Ella? Tell her how much pleasure how much more happy I should feel in my son's home, should she be the bride who accompanied him."

"I assure you that when I learn that the young couple are engaged, I will use my influence to dispose my daughter to set an early date for the wedding, that she may accompany him, much as we shall miss her. Perhaps the best of it will be that not long in which to urge his suit. If he destres to be married before he sails, my daughter is not overfree in making me her confidant; however, I can ask her to become his wife, I think the desire will be granted at once."

"I think, then, madam, that you will soon hear from her. I shall encourage Milton to propose to her, and I have assurance that I am quite certain that Ella will not look unkindly upon him."

Madam Barden directed her coachman to drive home.

"My dear Ella," said Mrs. Ross, one hours after when with her daughter she was seated in the drawing room of her home, "poor Mrs. Barden is overwhelmed with grief."

"Why, mother?" said Ella, quickly, her mind at once reverting to Lilly and Milton.

"Mr. Barden has received notice of an expensive in England as to require a representative there, with a result that Milton leaves here for Liverpool on the first of November, and for a two-years' absence."

"It is possible, mother?"

"Why, yes, child, but really, you look quite concerned, one am I displeased to see it. I was quite sure you would have to love Milton. He worships you, my child, and though the time is short, will seek to

like you with him as his bride. I need not say how lonely we should be without you, but I cannot stand in the way of my child's happiness. Oh, how happy you will be, Ella!"

"Why, mother, you are crazy. There is no prospect of my going to England as Mr. Ross's bride. Little danger, I imagine, of my proposing marriage to me, and so quiet an acquaintance; but, pray, when did I learn that he must leave America?"

"This morning, child. Oh, he will surely propose, and I feel that you will accept him."

"He has not proposed as yet, mother; but when he does you may know how he will his proposal. As you know, I have a very high regard for Milton, but, really, he could not be so unreasonable—as to expect that in twenty days time I could become a bride. Oh, no! I am surprised, mother, that you would see me step off in so unceremonious a manner."

"But he will be absent for two years, my daughter."

"I have little doubt that his heart would remain true for two years. Should it not, his love for his intended would not be very fervent."

"Well, the near future will determine, but think of a two years' sojourn in Europe, my child, as Milton's bride. Oh, I think there is little doubt as to how you will receive the matter."

I may not be called on to render a decision, mother."

"Never fear, my child," said the madam. "I predict that you will be, and within twenty-four hours. Well, I have some letters to write. Bless you, my child, bless you and Milton. Yes, and Milton in the robe of purpose. Now, if he might but choice with him as his bride. Might? Why should he not? I think I will sound Ella. Yet it might not be well, for we have a long time. Long before the expiration of that time, my daughter-in-law will have become a bride, for not the bride of Milton Barden. Only one week and I shall sail before he sails for England.

The bride's maid gave quiet remark. There would be a secret marriage. Milton would set at this time openly set his mother's will at defiance, and then his father might not wish him to take a bride abroad. Such matters are getting interesting. Something must be done. I must sound Ella, and quickly."

Now, at the o'clock that afternoon Mrs. Ross [illegible] window saw the young man leave the gate. He had concluded that he must see Ella. "So soon," she thought, "and he must dearly intended to lose no time. How his heart must be panting for me. I will make sure of what that may serve to increase the hope in his heart, and then send Ella to him. I rather enjoy this, too."

A servant here showed Milton into the parlor.

"Why, Milton," exclaimed the lady, arising and extending her hand. "I am delighted to see you, but I need not say how surprised I was to learn from your mother this morning that you would soon be on the ocean bound for England. It really pained me to learn it, though I almost envy you the trip, and Ella, really, she will be sadly disappointed when I informed her. But what am I saying? She will miss you, Milton, as every other girl, for you are the only gentleman toward whom she has ever seemed to be at all attracted. Oh, if I was a young lady, how I should dote on a trip to Europe. Excuse me, I will notify her that you are here."

"If you please, madam. Yes; the necessity of my going arose very suddenly. Surely, I anticipate much pleasure in life abroad, but shall be hard to have those one loves behind."

"Might you not, Mr. Barden, induce one loved one to accompany you? The one perhaps you found best for all? Is there no one with whom you would share your life? Ah, but that is a lover's secret, and, the madam looked at her curiously in asking the question, bowed herself from the room before Milton could frame words for a reply.

"Mrs. mother doomed to a sad disappointment," thought Milton.

Miss Ella soon made her appearance, and the two suddenly were soon engaged in discussing the coming departure of Milton. Before the expiration of time the young man remained in her daughter's company the madam Ross [illegible] left the parlor, and at an understanding in regard to a very important matter.

That had, but the matter was not the one dearest to the heart of the madam.

After Milton had taken his departure, Mrs. Ross hastily entered the parlor. "My child, and you remaining behind, you?"

"I think you may well do so, mother. Milton and I are old friends, and I shall have promised to correspond with him."

"He did not propose?"

"Never, mother. I should have thought he had great assurance if he had, and on so short an acquaintance. No gentleman would be so assuming and I assure you, Milton is not. You quite offend me."

"Well, child, I am only concerned for your welfare. I must be content, for I think matters are tending in the right direction."

"Be assured they are, mother."

"I hope you, my child, you look too happy for it to be otherwise," and so saying, the mother pressed a kiss to her daughter's fair brow and withdrew from the room.

"Yes, mother," exclaimed Ella, when the sound of her footsteps had died away down the hall, "matters are tending in the right direction. Mr. happiness, I think, is assured. I wish as I was as well satisfied over the conduct for Milton and Lilly. My, but ain't I pulling the wool over mamma's eyes."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SLATS OF A PAIR OF BLINDS VERY CONVENIENT.

At an early hour on the morning following the events narrated in the preceding chapter, Milton Barden seated himself in the summer house, and awaited the appearance of Lilly.

His mother had found an opportunity the preceding evening to inform him of the ride she had taken that day through South Park with Mrs. Ross and she urged him to lose no time in calling on Ella and urging his suit.

"I called on her this afternoon," her son stated, "and spent an hour in her company. We have arranged to correspond during my absence, and now, I pray you, cease planning for the union of Ella and myself, for I assure you it is not agreeable to me to have you do so, and, I know an independent girl like Ella would not desire her mother to be arranging an alliance for her. Two mammas can never bring about our union by planning it."

"I suppose I must be content," madam had replied, "and since you are to correspond, I shall say no more."

"Thank you, mother," the son replied. "You will render the remainder of the time I have to remain before going abroad more pleasant."

Now, Milton had not long occupied his seat on the occasion when the young music teacher, with tears in her usually bright eyes, entered the door of the summer house.

"Ah, ha!" she thought. "What next?"

"Oh, Milton, Milton!" she cried, "and so our bright dream has ended."

"Ended, my little love? Not so: it has just begun. Many happy years are yet ahead of us. Dry your tears, my pet. I know you love me, and before I leave my home, I will leave my wife behind."

"Milton! Milton!"

"Yes, dear; I cannot take you with me. I cannot with the knowledge of my parents walk with my wife and love you behind, but our hearts are one, and I will not leave you with the words unspoken that must blend our lives forever. Before I leave Chicago you shall become my bride, and here you shall remain until my return. Turn not away your face, my love. You promised to become my wife, and cannot trust to me, but once you are mine, once I have clasped you in my arms, my own sweet wife, I can leave for England with a happy heart, knowing that the years between when I return I shall find my little wife beneath my father's roof."

"Oh, dear Milton."

"Dare not, my own? Why, were we not projecting an elopement after the manner of Miss Ella and your brother? Surely, dear, you do not love me less than the fair Ella does your brother?"

"But they will not be separated. Philip will not quit for England, and leave his bride behind. Oh, I do love you, Milton, with my whole heart, and you would have me become your wife in secret, and remain an unknown bride for two years. Just think of the deception and of your father and mother—and then when you return—"

"We will each be two years older, then love. I shall not then hesitate to make known the fact that you were my wife. My father, I know, would be well pleased, and as for mother—why, Ella will have become your brother's wife, and she can but submit. You will have won her heart by that time. You will not be unhappy here when I am gone."

"Oh, I could be happy anywhere, Milton, as your wife."

"Bless you, Lilly. You are the light of my eyes, and then, you know, you will have one confidant, and one that is true in Ella Ross."

"I fear you urge me to take a wrong step, Milton. Are you quite sure you would never regret it should I comply?"

"Sure," exclaimed Milton, clasping the fair girl in his arms. "Darling, why do you my, if I comply? My life abroad would be spent in constant fear that I should lose you, unless the words were spoken that will make us man and wife. Little good would I be to my father abroad. Trust me, Lilly; all will be well. When I return I shall greet you as my bride. Nay, perhaps before that time I may make the truth known to my father. Say yes, love. You will remain behind as my wife."

"Oh, Milton, I cannot give you up, but think, you may meet some one abroad you would prefer to me. Your chains may become galling."

"Never fear, little sweetheart; I shall love no other. Oh, tell me, tell me?"

"Something seems to tell me, Milton, that it is not well, but my heart cries out its answer, 'I will be your wife, ere you depart.' I shall be far happier so than I could be otherwise. I can continue teaching your sister, and performing myself in music, and all the time I can be thinking—'It is for Milton's sake—for my—my husband's sake.' And, oh, how the time will drag by until your return."

"But half so slowly with me, dear love, as it would could I not say: 'Lilly, my wife, awaits my return.'"

"But how can we be wedded, Milton, without it being known, since we are not to elope, and I am to remain here?"

"I will arrange a plan, love, now that I have your promise. It must be just before my departure. Possibly the ceremony must be performed by a magistrate, and in private; but if we see proper two years hence we can have it take place again, and on a grander scale."

"Must there be no witnesses present, Milton?"

"I fear not, dear, unless, perhaps, Ella Ross will not feel secret with others. After Ella becomes your brother's wife she would confide the secret to him."

"Well, dear Milton, since it is to be, I confide all to you. I shall be happy in your absence as your wife."

"Oh, little girl, you don't know how happy I shall be in the thought, 'Sweet Lilly, my wife, awaits my return.' And now perhaps we had best not remain longer, and it might be well that we meet here less frequently until the time comes. I will perfect a plan, and we can make all arrangements here, my dear little wife, that soon will be."

"Milton! Milton!"

A moment the two lovers were clasped in each other's arms, then Lilly hastened to the house and ascended to her room.

"Dear little Lilly," thought Milton, as he strolled off toward the lake, "you will soon be my true, loving wife. Yes; in spite of the attractive charms of my dear mother, Oh, she can but love you in time. I never, never could think of going to England and leaving Lilly Ray behind. Lilly Barden it must be that I leave, and for a short time. A short time." Two long years. Ah! it will be an age."

Now, at the time Milton and Lilly had been within the summer house on this occasion a pair of eyes had been fixed on the summer house door, the eyes belonging to Agnes Burden.

She had come to the conclusion that Milton's early rising was for some purpose aside from any benefit that his health might derive from leaving his couch thus early, and, being aware that Lilly Ray was also an early riser, she had concluded to become an observing.

She had arisen early and was peering through the slats of the blinds when Milton entered the summer house.

"Ah, ha!" she thought, "now what next?" She had not long to wait to see what next, and it was her fair music teacher, who also entered the summer house.

"Ora—mother," she thought, "I must notify her of this," and she started for the door of her room; but ere she reached it she halted. "No, I will not. I will keep this secret until I ascertain more. She retracted her steps to the window and had but reached the door when Lilly and Milton ascended the stairs, and Milton, looking, she thought, extremely hard, had strolled off toward the lake.

"As I surmised," she thought: "brother has been making a conquest; he has been making love to Lilly Ray. I think father is sending her away a wise move. I wonder how long this has been going on? I think that I shall must cultivate the new habit. My, but what would mother say. I know one thing she would do—discharge Miss Ray at once. Well, I will watch and keep the secret until Milton's departure. I can bear scenes; but, really, I must inform mother. That girl must not be allowed to remain here. Milton is a dear. The minx, she is trying to captivate him. The idea of my brother marrying my music teacher. Oh, it would never come to that. Milton has his equal, in his opinion, a pleasant way to spend a morning hour; he will soon forget Lilly Ray. When he again rolls between them, and Lilly Ray—well, it serves her right for aspiring to soar beyond her station. Agnes Burden will keep close, Miss Ray."

"What are you doing there Agnes?"

"Nothing, I merely watching the rising sun, and I have enjoyed it, and another hour before breakfast," and in another moment more Agnes was reclining by her sister's side, but when the bell rang in the hall below, she lay with open eyes, thinking of what a convenient screen was a pair of blinds, and how fortunate that the slats of the same were movable.

In next week's Ledger the continuation of this admirable story will be found, disclosing some very interesting and dramatic situations. All readers are invited to note that we announce on pages thirteen and fifteen the awarding of positions and cameras free to all regular subscribers.

Didn't Learn It.

Senator George W. Plunkitt of the Seventeenth District, New York, finds a few deluded persons occasionally who try to teach him something. Some people never attempt to repeat the experiment, and for this reason the Tammany Senator has acquired a reputation for wisdom which even Senator Grady is bound to respect. Mr. Plunkitt became a member of the Legislature in 1886, which can be taken as a certain degree the remarkable development of his brain.

The Senator from the Seventeenth District relates an experience every day of how some well-meaning person has tried to teach him something, and how disastrously the attempt failed.

"Well," he said one night last week, as he joined a Tammany group in the Hotel Ten Eyck, and, seeing Senators Grady and Martin together, he slapped them on the back.

"Have you learned anything yet?" remarked Senator Grady, as he winked at Senator Martin.

"Learn something?" chuckled the Senator from the Seventeenth. "Say, I met a push coming up from the train early this afternoon, and one fellow wanted me to play 'hearts.'

"'Hearts,' said I, 'is a game I have never learned to play.'

"Oh, we can teach you,' said one chap, and so I sat down and learned it.

"Did you learn the game?" asked Senator Martin, winking at Senator Grady.

"Learned it?" replied the Senator from the Seventeenth. "No; I didn't learn the game, but I guess those fellows won't be in a hurry me again," and, plunging his hand into his pocket, he produced a glittering lot of dimes, quarters and fifty-cent pieces, with a dozen or more bills of green and yellow color.

Violet Rays as Gem Detectives

According to Monsieur Chaumet of the Academy of Sciences, who has been experimenting on the subject for six years, the violet rays of the spectrum are of great practical value in the jewelry trade because they easily distinguish the qualities of various gems. The fluorescence that they impart to diamonds offers a trustworthy diagnosis of the excellence of the stones. They are equally effective with rubies. The rubies of Burma have a higher value than those of Siam, but experts are sometimes deceived in judging them by the ordinary methods. With the aid of the violet rays, however, the Burmese gems can always be differentiated from the less precious varieties.

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UNION LABEL

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL CHICAGO, ILL.

Is the Mississippi trying to show us what a twentieth century flood is like?

Women forget a lot of things they never would forgive if they remembered them.

An old bachelor says that firmness in a man is synonymous with stubbornness in a woman.

Molasses no doubt will become a popular health food for mankind when horses get tired of it.

President Roosevelt is beginning to receive his annual batch of invitations to county fairs.

An eccentric man is one who praises his neighbors—but he is never considered so by the aforesaid neighbors.

It was so cold in Chicago recently that a pickpocket who happened to touch a $10 gold piece immediately froze to it.

Some people have an idea that they cannot be really cultured unless they say something contemptuous about ragtime.

Had Diogenes visited this country while on his famous still hunt some get-rich-quick promoter would have urged his lantern.

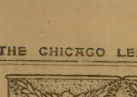
A crank in Washington wants $100,000 for telling how the Maine was blown up. He should tell his secret to Spain; we have passed on to new things.

Whatever the first robin may do, conservative observers will not take anything for granted until they see the first flower hat exposed to the out-of-door elements by its owner.

Probably the only way to find out for certain whether or not Grover Cleveland would accept a nomination would be to offer one to him, and that might be taking too long a chance.

That Berlin custom of introducing pet tigers to high society functions is at least preferable to the New York fashion of inviting monkeys in to dinner to lend an air of intellectual depth to the conversation.

That is a great story sent out from Washington to the effect that members of the Senate are in a high state of indignation because liquor is still being sold in the capitol. Are they so indignant that they refuse to drink it?



HAND AND CORD

OR

THE RAJAH'S TREASURE

By T. C. Harbaugh

(Copyright, 1902, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 11, March 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE MONSTER.

The tenants of Castle Pate awaited with a good deal of anxiety the result of the capture and release of the Hindoo who had attempted the life of Clarice. I resolved to remain in Sussex to see what would be the outcome of Sir Roger's leniency, but as the days waned and nothing exciting transpired I went up to London.

Aubrey Dayne had preceded me by a day or so, and I had promised to call on him on my arrival in the city. He went away without acquainting Sir Roger with his intentions as to Clarice, and the fair girl was therefore ignorant of them.

I was anxious also to meet Mowbray again and to learn from him the situation of affairs in London.

What had become of Nana Sahib and had he received my message and had it been communicated by his henchman released at the Castle? There was no doubt in my mind that the demon of Cawnpore cherished his revenge, and before quitting Sussex I had warned both Sir Roger and Clarice to be on their guard.

The night after I reached London I had occasion to call on a friend who was quite sick in Piccadilly. The night was dark and stormy, and the fog was so thick that it looked like a vast pall. My cabby had some difficulty in finding his way and several times we had little collisions with others of his ilk equally unfortunate.

When through with my mission I left the premises fully expecting to find my cab where it had been left, but there was none in the area. I looked in vain for it.

"Cabby must be inside out over me. While that particular part of the great hostelrie was not unfamiliar to me I did not care to be without a cab upon such a night, and I was about to give the matter up and hunt for another when I espied one out of the fog right in my face.

Accepting the help of the vehicle as a good omen, I sprang forward and opened the door.

"The Langham," said I to the man on the box, and in another moment I was being bowled through the dense fog and over the streets of London.

It seemed a very long ride. Surely, thought I, after a long spell, I should be near the hotel; but on, on went the cab, bouncing along, now throwing me into one corner and now into another.

At last in despair I opened the door and called to the cabman:

"The Langham, course you!" I vociferated. "In the devil's name, whither are you taking me?"

There was no reply, and hoping that the man had understood me I bowed back again and waited. At last the vehicle stopped.

The Langham at last!

I was about to open the door, eager to get to my destination safely, when I found that it was locked.

Where was I a prisoner in the cab? I pushed on the door, but it was as immovable as a door of iron. I looked for the lights of the hotel, but they were not revealed to my gaze. The mystery only deepened the more I tried to pierce it.

At length, when my patience had reached an end, the door opened and as I was about to spring out a scarf was thrown over my head and drawn tight.

The next moment I was lifted off my feet by strong arms and carried I knew not whither.

Not a word was spoken by my captors. The scarf was suddenly drawn tighter, my breath seemed to desert me in the suffocating squeeze and I knew no more.

How long I was permitted to remain in this condition I had no means of knowing and when I opened my eyes I found myself lying on a couch in a strange room. A light burned dimly in the corner, the place was almost bare of furniture like so many of the poorer apartments of London, and a strange odor prevailed—an odor like musk and bewildering to the senses.

With an effort I got to my feet and rushed to the door. In vain did I tug at the knob. It was as unyielding as the portal of doom.

Again and again did I pull at the door, exerting all my strength, but at last I desisted, for I found that the strength of one man was of no avail there.

I went back to the couch dejectedly, for a singular faintness had almost overcome me, but I resolved if possible to keep my nerves, for I felt that I was in the hands of enemies who had tracked me and who were eager to encompass my destruction.

All at once I heard a sound beyond the door and a key grated in the lock. In another moment the portal had opened and as I sprang up with my eyes fastened on it I saw a man enter.

In an instant all the indignation I had until then suppressed surged up within me and I cried out:

"At last! I demand to know the meaning of this midnight abduction."

Before a word was uttered in response the door was closed and locked, then the man came nearer and I caught sight of a little dark face in which shone a pair of beady eyes of raven blackness.

The man was a Hindoo.

For a moment of silence I stood before him, watched by him with the ferocity of a tiger. Not a word escaped his lips. If he had come to play the role of executioner, and I did not doubt but that he had, my enemy could have sent no better hireling.

The figure before me was not tall, but it had the firmness of the Rajput Indian, and doubtless the practiced cruelty of that old race of mystics.

"Tell me what has happened?" I said at last. "Why am I here?"

"Can't the Englishman guess?"

The lips hardly moved as the words parted them.

"I was seized on the street and carried here with a cloth over my face. The cab I came hither in was not the one I hired, used."

"The Englishman knows that, does he?"

"I discovered it when too late."

"Then let the accursed man know the truth. He is in the hands of my master."

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Special to Our Readers

Dear Reader.—We want to ask a few moments of your time. Read every word in this advertisement. We want you to know about BOYCE'S WEEKLY. The editorial staff of work each week costs us fully $1,000, and every reader who buys a copy for 5 cents gets the benefit. No other paper would even dream of such an expenditure for news and literary matter.

AN INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER FOR ALL WHO WORK.

Progress is the key to success and the up to date person must keep posted on things which affect his interests, and especially his purse. Since per cent of the people in America have nothing to sell but their services." BOYCE'S WEEKLY, the greatest newspaper for workers, jumped into success the first issue. For years the plutocrats have worked to get together the greatest staff of editors, writers, thinkers and leaders of thought. For years we studied the people, their likes and dislikes, their needs, their desires, their welfare, their happiness, their future. BOYCE'S WEEKLY is a great paper filled from first to last with the doings of the world, the conditions of labor, the social status of manufacturing and industrial institutions, the world's outputs, in fact the agricultural and manufacturing interests. BOYCE'S WEEKLY tersely, tactfully, truthfully tells each week what is what, what has been and what will be. BOYCE'S WEEKLY is the one international Great Newspaper every one should read.

Every man and woman who is interested in wage earning owe it to themselves, to their families and to their friends to read that paper.

It only costs 5 cents a copy. Blade and Ledger agents sell it generally. If there is no agent in your locality send the price in stamps or silver and a copy will be sent you by return mail. Help us and we can do the cause of humanity good. Our motive is to build up a great paper for the people, and we can only succeed by placing it in the hands of the workers of the world and by increasing the circulation of BOYCE'S WEEKLY every week. Inform yourself on what is going on in the world of toil. Be posted. Be up to date. Be progressive. Help your fellow man. Read BOYCE'S WEEKLY, and get your friends and neighbors to read it, too. Look over our great list of editors and you will see why BOYCE'S WEEKLY is such a grand success.

WILLIS J. ABBOTT. HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD. JAMES DUNCAN. HENRY GEORGE JR.

JOHN MITCHELL. CARROLL D. WRIGHT. E. E. CLARK JUDSON GRENELL.

BOYCE'S WEEKLY is a 12-page, 7-column NEWSPAPER, 5 cents a copy, published every Wednesday. It gives all news of interest to workingmen, employing its own special correspondents to cover such matters of universal interest as great organization proceedings, etc. It publishes all other news of the day worth reading. It gives the latest and most important opinions of economic and social reformers.

BOYCE'S WEEKLY is not exclusively serious. Nobody needs relaxation more than workingmen, and the paper's editors appreciate the necessity for the entertainment of readers to short and brief stories. There is a continued story, and a complete short story in each issue, the dramatic news and gossip of the world will be of the highest order, and the sporting page will contain matter equal to any American newspaper.

The NEWSBOYS' or agent's commission on the SATURDAY BLADE and BOYCE'S WEEKLY is so liberal that a party can make big money. It is a filled with some of the most patriotic boosters for this paper. It often supports or opposes policies to which one or the other may be committed. There are members of all of the political factions connected with BOYCE'S WEEKLY, but it is conducted entirely free from political vicissitudes. It is edited by no union, local or national. It is the organ of the principle "labor" in the labor movement.

BOYCE'S WEEKLY, unlike any other labor paper or magazine now published, is free from the entanglements of trade affiliations. It is edited by no union, local or national. It is the organ of the principle "labor" in the labor movement.

BOYCE'S WEEKLY inaugurated a policy which we want everybody to distinctly understand. No matter what the cause advocated in our editorial columns, if anybody wants to urge the other side and is capable of making a good argument, he shall have space to do it in, and a prominent display. These are few questions which confront the people to which there are not two sides, and our motto will ever be: HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL; SPECIAL PRIVILEGES TO NONE.

BOYCE'S WEEKLY gets its great support from its readers. Your work is not paid, if your agent doesn't sell it will you not please get him to take the agency. Remember a copy only costs 5 cents and you get the $1,00 worth of the best reading in the world for those who work.

"And that master is Nana Sahib?"

The Hindoo made a salaam when I spoke the hated name. Then he drew off a pace and watched me like a panther about to spring.

"Your master has no right to keep me here!" cried I, wishing that the human reptile would come close enough to let me sink my hands into his throat.

"Bring your master to me!" I exclaimed.

"Let Nana, the coward, come here and face his victim!"

"He is here!"

The voice had changed.

At the same time the arms of the Hindoo executed a strange motion and some of the garments slid to the floor, and to! there stood before me the monster I had seen in the gorgeous throne room of the Sahib when in Monbray's company.

There was no mistaking the man. The hated face of Nana Sahib shone with a mad light; I saw the well-formed shoulders, and recalling published descriptions of him, I could not help noting his one hand he had strangled a dozen British officers.

And it was in his power. No doubt his henchmen—the little dark men of the cord—had followed my every movement since quitting the Langham; they had quietly waited for me at the foot of the stair where my friend died and had carried me to the Nana's lair where I was to feel the tightening of that terrible rope which had encircled the neck of Lady Temple.

"Dog!" hissing toward me and playing with my eager fingers as I made ready to leap upon him. "So you are the bloodhound on earth. You are the murderer of Lady Temple and of thousands of women and children in India. Think for you have escaped and now the end comes. I will avenge the murdered! As Clifford Bulfour, though you are surrounded by your dog's company!

With the last word I threw myself forward, but that instant the whole room flashed into a blaze of light and I knew no more.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MESSAGE FROM SUSSEX.

Strange was it when I seemed to come out of a world of stygian darkness in a halo of light. A hand fanned me to and fro, a wind that came from I knew not where, and I caught sight of a number of little lights that seemed like fireflies in the glow of an autumn night.

I seemed to be moving, or at least that was the first impression that came to me. A man who had been of very large appearance by my wandering vision, then the lights went out for a time and I recognized something that had a loud swishing noise seemed to dart by, but I knew more. I was on the water, but where as yet I did not know.

The boat, for I was surely on a boat, was pushed along steadily at times, while now and then I heard loud voices of men, but they seemed unsteadily interrupted that the more I tried to think it all out the more I became confused.

Gradually the past came back to me. I thought of Castle Fate, then of its tenants, then of the terrible scene that had been witnessed there and last of my encounter with Nana Sahib. What had become of this hunted man-tiger of the jungle? Was I still in his clutches, or had he turned me adrift on some craft leaving me to pay fate in far away waters, or was the whole thing a wild phantasy of the imagination, a dream of terror from which I was but slowly breaking?

At last the figure of the man near the light in the room where I lay became more distinct. I raised myself on an elbow and stared at the stranger. My effort was not accomplished without noise, for the man heard me and came forward.

"You are awake, Dayne?" he asked in a voice that startled me.

"Who is you, Dayne?"

"Yes, Balfour, it is I," was the answer. "In the name of the gods, what has happened?"

It was Aubrey Dayne, and for a moment that seemed eternal bliss I looked up into his face and forgot to speak.

"Where did you find me?"

"In a strange sort of boat bound hand and foot."

"I found the Nana," said I. "I sprang at him determined to avenge the thousands of victims, but the chamber filled suddenly with a pure light and I knew no more."

"We thought you were that devil's victim."

"We?"

"Yes: Maybray and I."

"Have you been at Mowbray?"

"I hunted him up. The man is mad, Clifford."

"But there's method in his madness. He hunts Nana Sahib, Aubrey. To fall as I have failed," I grinned.

Aubrey shook his head.

"I don't know about that," he said. "He will find Nana some time when he really wants him. Just now Mowbray is playing with him as a cat plays with the mouse in her claws."

"But, tell me. You found me in a boat, you say. When?"

"Wednesday night."

I started.

"What is this?"

"Saturday night."

"My God! where have I been during the interval?"

I raised hands, I hope. You see, for reasons best known to myself, I did not want to take you to the Langham, so I took you to my rooms in another part of the city. You have been tame and mad at intervals. I have done the best I could. I purchased this boat and last night I brought you out for a run on the Thames and again tonight. I thought the air here might restore your senses. Thank God, it has it has."

I could scarcely believe the words to which I had listened. What had happened at the Castle during these days and nights of delirium I could not guess, but my encounter with the mad Rajah? I wondered if it were a dream.

I was almost afraid to ask him.

"Aubrey, news from the Castle?" I said at last. "I cannot keep back the query."

"Yes, I know nothing. I have been with you all the time, thinking of nothing else but your safety. Mayhap I have picked up a paper for three days."

"But everything can have happened down there since that awful night with the Nana," I cried. "The cord may have tightened around Clarice's neck."

That is true," answered Aubrey, with a confident shake of the head, and for a moment I almost hated my friend."

"We must go down at once!" I cried. "See! I am strong now that I am out of the clutches of the monster. But why did he let me go? That is a mystery."

"For a purpose, no doubt," replied Dayne. "We will return down to Castle Fate at once. You must rescind a little more. To-morrow—"

"Tonight!" and I clutched Aubrey's arm. "I am filled with terrible forebodings. Everything may have happened there. The cord, the accursed cord of the thug may have killed, killed, killed!"

I almost shrieked out the last words and would have leaped to the cut of the hand of Aubrey Dayne had not seized me and seated me back.

"To shore, then," I went on. "By Heaven, man, will you stand between me and Clarice?"

"Not for the world, boy. Wait. It will not be long. We will go ashore."

He went forward a moment, then I felt the boat swing around and make for the bank.

Aubrey helped me ashore, but, determined not to show any weakness, I started ahead without the assistance and felt very unsteadily well.

But out of the first cab I uttered a cry of command and the vehicle rumbled to us.

"Come!" I cried, pulling Dayne after me and at the moment I came face to face with orders to be driven to the Langham.

"I'll tell him on shore," was his reply when I find that tiger," I answered, all the passion of my being coming to the fore as many find him in the lobby."

For once at least in his life the cabby tried to obtain an extra fare, for the horse bounded over the stones and in a short time we stopped in front of the hotel.

Leaving Aubrey to settle that, I rushed across the pavement and into the face of the great hostelry.

I must have frightened those who saw me, for my attire was none of the sleekest and I looked no longer like the well-dressed Clifford Balfour.

"Letters!" I exclaimed, as I halted at the desk under the great chandelier. "Give me the latest first."

"Pardon me, but for yourself," was the reply, as half a dozen telegrams were handed me. "But I think that one came last—this morning."

The one designated by the clerk I tore open first. Aubrey was at my elbow, but for he evidently deemed me still mentally unbalanced.

What did I see? What was that terrible sentence that flashed on my sight in the low sheet was unfolded by my mad, eager hands? My brain seemed to reel at sight of the one line. I staggered and fell back at my companion.

He seized the paper and read its contents at a glance, while I looked about for—Nana Sahib.

But the next moment I snatched the telegram from his hands and read it again as follows:

"Clarice disappeared last night and the cord is at work.

"Come," I cried, seizing Aubrey's arm and dragging him away. "Sussex at once! We can catch the midnight express!"

Another installment of this most thrilling story will be given Ledger readers in next week's issue. Don't miss it. It contains many remarkable occurrences. The patterns and numerous other features thirteen and fifteen are still being sent free to every subscriber to the Ledger.

The Depth of Sleep.

When a person slumbers so soundly that he can with difficulty be awakened, we are accustomed to say that he is "dead asleep." An attempt to measure the depth of sleep, in this sense, was made several years ago by Dr. Sante de Sanctis, in Rome, with the aid of a specially designed instrument which prods the sleeper with a more or less sharp point. The doctor has drawn curves showing the relative depth of sleep in different subjects, and in the same subject after being allowed to sleep for different lengths of time. It appears that there are certain times during sleep when waking becomes easier, and a practical application of this result of the experiments is suggested in the adjustment of the time of morning rising to a natural period of minimum in the depth of each sleeper's sleep.

"Oh, you wicked boy! How do you suppose the mother birdie will feel when she finds her little ones gone?"

"She'll never know the difference, miss. That's her on your hat."

Selected Pleasantries.

Time to Interfere.—"What are they arresting the man for?"

"They caught him selling coal in short-measure sixteen-ounce boxes."

Evidences of Affluence.—"Why do you think he is a millionaire?"

"Because he spends so little money and his son spends so much."

Not to Be Endured.—"Desh boy, is it true that you have discharged your valet?"

"Ya-as, the scoundrel! When I took him out with me he managed to make people think he was the mustash and I was the man, bah Jove!"

Literary Rewards.—A Billville band sings as follows of the uncertain rewards of literature:

Many a man on the road of life
Succeeds where another fails;
Johnny in writin' stories,
An' Billy is splittin' rails.
Johnny in makin' a name an' fame
(He says) while the years roll on;
But Billy is makin' the money,
An' Billy's supportin' John!

His Short Days.—Al Manack—The days are pretty short now, aren't they?

Willie Brewster—I should say so. Seems as if the ink doesn't have time to get dry on a thirty-day note before it's due.

—Puck.

Pleasures.

He spoke of childhood's happy days
With joys forever fled,
And memory twined a wreath around
The old bob sled.

The tenor of his life is changed,
He's now in the rush.
He now is interested in
The old bob-flush.

—Puck.

MONEY TO COOKS.

$7,500.00 Donated to Be Divided Among Family Cooks.

The sum of $7,500.00 will be distributed between now and midsummer among family cooks in the United States who send in their $6.00.

This is done to stimulate better cooking in the family kitchen. The contest is open to pure food people. The name "expert" will call them cooks if they deserve it, or to the mistress of the household if she does the cooking. The rules for contest are plain and simple. Each of the 735 winners of money prizes will receive an engraved certificate of merit or diploma as a cook. The diploma bear the big gilt seal and signature of the most famous food company in the world, the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., the well known makers of Postum Coffee and Grape-Nuts. Write them at once, Cookery Dept., Box 287, for full particulars.

This remarkable contest among cooks to win the money prizes and diplomas will give thousands of families better and more delicious meals as well as cleaner kitchens and a general improvement in the culinary department, for the cooks must show marked skill and betterment in service to win. Great sums of money devoted to such enterprises always result in putting humanity further along on the road to civilization, health, comfort and happiness.

WHENCE COMES THIS MIGHTY HEALING POWER.

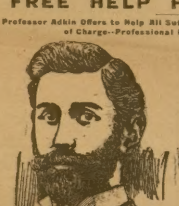
All the Land Wonders at the Remarkable Cures Effected by Professor Adkin.

HEALS DISEASES CALLED INCURABLE

Ministers, Doctors and Professional Men Tell How He Has Cured the Blind, the Lame, the Paralytic and Many on the Very Brink of Death.

FREE HELP FOR THE SICK.

Professor Adkin Offers to Help All Sufferers From Any Disease Absolutely Free of Charge—Professional Men Investigate His Powers.



PROF. THOMAS F. ADKIN,
President of the Institute of Physicians and Surgeons.

In all parts of the country men and women, doctors and clergymen, clergymen and educators, are wondering at the remarkable cures made by Professor Thomas F. Adkin, discoverer of the Adkin Method of this treatment.

Prof Adkin heals not by drugs, nor by Christian Science, by Osteopathy, nor even by Hypnotism, nor by Divine Healing, but by a subtle power of nature in combination with certain vital magnetic remedies which contain the very elements of life and health.

A reporter recently talked with Prof Adkin and was asked to invite all readers of this paper who are sick or who are worried by the ills of those dear to them, to write him for assistance. "Every one people declared," said Prof. Adkin, "that they would do what they call me a Divine healer, a man of mysterious powers. This is not so, even because I understand nature, because I use the subtle force of nature, to build up the system and restore health. But at the same time I believe that the Creator would not have given me the opportunity to make the discoveries I have made or the ability to develop them, if He had not intended that I should use them for the good of humanity. I therefore feel that it is my duty to give the benefit of the science I possess to all who are suffering. I want you to tell your readers that they can write to me in the strictest confidence if they are troubled with any kind of disease, and I will accept no money in such cases absolutely free of charge and explain by a method of guaranteed treatment how a complete cure should be effected. I care not how serious their cases, nor how hopeless they may seem. I want them to write to me and let me make them well. I feel that this is my life work."

So great has been the sensation brought in the medical world by the wonderful cures performed by Prof. Adkin, that several professional gentlemen were asked to investigate the cures. Among these gentlemen were Rev. L. H. Hawley and Dr. L. G. Dorsey, both famous physicians and surgeons. After a thorough and painstaking investigation these eminent physicians were so astonished at the far-reaching powers of Prof Adkin, and the wonderful efficacy of Vitapathy, that they volunteered to furnish their certificates in life and all other kinds of treatment and devote themselves to assisting Prof. Adkin in his great work for humanity. With the discovery of Vitapathy, which the treatment eminent physicians are generally agreed that the treatment of disease has at last been reduced to an exact science.

In all parts of the world men and women have been cured by the powers of Prof. Adkin. Sense were blind, some were deaf, some were dumb, some were paralytics, scarcely able to move, and others were hopelessly ill. Others were afflicted with Bright's disease, heart disease, consumption, and other so-called incurable diseases. Some were suffering from nervous troubles, such as nervous debility, insomnia, neuralgia, constipation, rheumatism, female troubles, and other similar ills. Some were men and women addicted to drink, tobacco, opium, and other evil habits. In all cases Prof. Adkin's marvelous healing power has drawn those on the brink of the grave, with all hope of recovery gone and declared by all by doctors and friends alike, have been restored to perfect health by the touch of Vitapathy and Prof. Adkin's marvelous skills. And in all cases, as in the case of deafness, distance has made no difference. Those living far away have been cured in the privacy of their own homes, as well as those who have visited the Institute. Prof. Adkin asserts that he can cure any one who is sick as well as he would if they stood before him.

Not long ago John Adams, of Blakesburg, Ia., who had been lame for twenty years was permanently cured by Prof. Adkin without the operation of any kind. About the same time Mrs. Joe Hoffman, of Ida Grove, stated that the cure of one of its oldest residents, Mr. J. W. Long, of Ida Grove, was remarkable. Mr. Long, who is now 80 years old, suffered from cataract over his left eye, was speedily restored to perfect sight by Prof. Adkin's treatment. From Logansport, Ind., comes the news of the wonderful cure of Mary Hiner, who had been totally deaf for a year while in Warren, Pa., Mr. G. Hiner, husband of the deaf woman, a lawyer, who was not only partially blind and deaf, but had a bad case of heart trouble and kidney diseases, was restored to perfect health and strength by Prof. Adkin.

Vitapathy cures not one disease alone, but it cures all diseases. Vitapathy is a combination with the proper remedies. If you are sick, no matter what your disease may be or how long you have been afflicted, or how dangerous your case, tell you the exact disease from which you are suffering and will prescribe the treatment that will positively cure you. This service is entirely free of charge. Professor Adkin will also send you a copy of his book, which is entitled, entitled, "How to be Cured and How to Cure Others." This book tells you exactly how Professor Adkin will cure you. It tells and explains the wonderful secrets of his wonderful treatment. It also explains to you how you yourself may possess this great healing power and cure the sick around you. Professor Adkin does not ask one cent for his services in this connection. They will be given to you absolutely free. He has made a wonderful discovery, and he wishes to place it in the hands of every sick person in this country, that he may be restored to perfect health and strength. Mark your letter personal when you write, and no one but Professor Adkin will see it. Address Professor Thomas F. Adkin, Office 38 W, Rochester, N. Y.

DROPPED THEM.

Quit the Medicines and Got Well on Grape-Nuts.

Made over on a change of foods is rather a fascinating experience. Sounds like fiction, but an employe of the Anaconda Copper Co., of Anaconda, Mont., had just that experience, being cured on Grape-Nuts.

"For several years I was so run down from indigestion and improper foods that I had to resign a $125.00 a month position in Chicago," he says. "I was in such a bad condition that if I stooped over the sour food came boiling up into my throat and out my mouth.

"I lost nine months valuable time, and three of Chicago's best physicians said I must die. I weighed about 140 pounds, which is skeleton weight for me. So I resigned myself to my fate and went home to the country to die. It was there a cousin introduced me to Grape-Nuts and new life. I threw all my medicines away and at the end of two weeks' use of Grape-Nuts had to admit that I had gained 4 pounds. In the next few weeks I ate absolutely nothing but Grape-Nuts and pure rich cream and gained 18 pounds.

"I began to take interest in the events of the world again. From this point my recovery has been rapid and today I am physically in the best condition I ever was in my life. I had no trouble to get a position with the Anaconda Copper Mining Co. at a better salary than before.

"This is what Grape-Nuts has done for me. It saved my life, thanks to pure food. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Simpleton.

"And you are sure he loves you?"

"He told me so."

"Did he tell you before or after you received your uncle's legacy?"

"After I asked him why he didn't tell me before, and he had a very good reason."

"What was it?"

"He said he loved me all the time, but he didn't tell me so because he needed a good deal of encouragement."

"And your late uncle supplied the encouragement."

"Yes; wasn't it dear of him?"

The Mexican Central Railway

Passes through fifteen of the States of the Mexican Republic. The largest cities and most fertile agricultural regions are directly reached by it or immediately tributary to it. It connects the waters of the Gulf of Mexico with the slopes of the Pacific. It traverses the Great Central Plateau. The only standard gauge line connecting the City of Mexico with the United States. Through Pullman Buffet sleeping cars run daily between St. Louis, Mo., and the City of Mexico. No change at the border. Agencies in the principal cities of Europe and the United States. For further information call on or address C. K. Hudson, Traffic Manager, City of Mexico; W. D. Murdock, General Passenger Agent, Mexico City; T. H. Ryan, General Agent, 225 Marquette Bldg., Chicago.

Bound to Win.

"Yes," said the young wife, "Henry and I had some words this morning, and I can't deny that he got the best of it."

"That will never do," returned the experienced neighbor. "You can't afford to start in married life that way."

"I know it," assented the young wife, "I've thought it all over, and when he comes home tonight I'm going to bring him to terms so quick that he'll hardly know what's happened."

"That's right, my dear. Show some spirit. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to bring up the subject again and then cry."

French Lick Springs

In the Indiana Highlands on the Monon Route, excel all other mineral springs in America in the treatment of all blood diseases, cutaneous affections, dyspepsia, alcoholism, etc. Excursions and special train service from all parts of the country. Send for booklet. Chas. M. Rockwell, Traffic Manager. Frank J. Reed, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

Little Too Heavy.

"What is Van Tassel doing in a suit of armor?"

"He is going to get married and expects a shower of old shoes."

"Old shoes are not so dangerous."

"Yes, but he is going to marry a Dutch girl and her family wears the wooden variety."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

One of the Possibilities.

Sure, Ikey, dot vos Schorge Washington vot nefer told a lie."

"I vonder vot he vould hat done if he vos in die line of peesness, feller?"

"Vell, I subbose he vould hat got out."

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn., (The Clothier) says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the best home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor.

A Hard Choice.

Maude—Oh, Gertie, what a lovely engagement ring! How I envy you!

Gertie—You needn't, dear. When it comes to the point I've either got to marry him or give it back.

How He Views It.

"No, suh," said Brother Dickey. "I won't say dat de world's gittin' better, but I will say dat it can't possibly git much worse!"

SOME JOKES

They're Running Yet.

A lawyer was cross-examining an Irish woman, the point under inquiry being the relative positions of the doors, windows, etc., in a house in which a certain transaction had occurred. "And, now, my good woman," the lawyer said, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in your house?" "How do the stairs run?" the witness replied. "Shure, whin I am upstairs they run down, and whin I am down stairs they run up."

Hard.

"It's a hard task, this being a statesman," remarked the great man, reflectively.

"People are hard to satisfy?"

"Very. If you have money at the end of a term of office they wink significantly and say, 'I told you so,' and if you are poor they curl their lips and comment on your improvident character."

Convenient Word.

"No," said the magazine editor, "we can't use your blank verse."

"But it isn't blank verse," persisted the party who imagined he had been born. "That's all right," replied the man in "In this office we invariably use the word blank as a substitute."

An Explanation.

Pat—Ol say, Mike, phat makes thim legs av yours so shtumpy?

Mike—Faith, sir, it was brought erbouth by a suddint shock in me travels.

Pat—Phoy, how was that?

Mike—Well, ode on, it's a balloon wan toim an' walked back, b'gorry.

This Is Awful.

"According to the newspaper account of the banquet," remarked the aggrieved boarder, "the table fairly groaned. Now, why should a table groan?"

I suppose," rejoined the cheerful idiot, "that it groaned because it was a little ill-table."

Getting Rid of Them.

"You have a brilliant fire," remarked the caller. "Are you burning what they call 'cheating cards'?"

"No," chuckled the editor, as he threw another batch of jokes in the waste basket, "I am burning chestnuts on coal."

Always Welcome.

"So the boys are glad that religion has gained such a foothold in this town?" interrogated the visitor.

"Yes, pard," drawled Amber Pete. "Now there is something else to fight about."

His Query.

She—Do I really love you, Cholly? Why, I'd sooner be miserable with you than happy with some other fellow.

He—But are you sure you won't find some other chap that you'd sooner be miserable with?

Elliptic.

"I simply cannot endure that Mr. Twistedde," titters the frivolous damsel. "He does not agree with me at all."

"Does he handy words too much?"

"Oh, no; have you never seen him? He handy legs too much."

BAD BREAK.

Mushly—Oh, look with favor on my plea, fair one! See, I kneel humbly in the dust.

Miss Pheat—Dust nothing! I sweep this room myself!

IN MONKEYDOM.

Fond Mother—Where did you get that milk?
Little Brother—Father just milked a coconut.

The Reason for It.

Uncle John—So next Tuesday will be your birthday. I suppose you're counting on some nice presents?

Willie—No, sir. I don't expect a thing, Uncle John—No? That sounds strange.

Willie—Well, you see, ma says the less I expect the more I'll get.

Strength Needed.

"I don't see why officers in the army should be required to be strong. They don't have to do any lifting."

"No; but they have to carry so many medals."

Terrible.

Clarke—Is the drinking water bad in Chicago during the warm weather?

Milton—Bad? Why, you have to use liquor as a chaser to wash the water down.

AGENTS WANTED

This Stylish Black Mercerized

Silk Waist 59c

Prepaid

Is trimmed down front with overlaying in new tie effect, and has new style detachable collar. Equal to a $1.00 waist anywhere. Mines Bros. will refund your money when ordering. Send for our catalogue and address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or money order.

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It contains over 250 styles of cloaks and suits, illustrating Ladies Wash Skirt Waists $0.47 up
SILK WAISTS . . . . $2.98 up
DRESS and WALKING SKIRTS . . . . 0.98 up
WASH SKIRTS . . . . 0.49 up
DRESS and WALKING SUITS . . . . 5.98 up
FLUFFY RUFFLE SKIRTS . . . . 3.98 up
WASH SUITS . . . . 3.49 up
CLOTH and SILK COATS, MONTE CARLOS, RAGLANS and COFFEE JACKETS . . . . 2.98 up
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UNDERSKIRTS . . . . 0.39 up

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Magnificent Sterling Silver finished, Imitation Diamond Ring. Guaranteed to stand acid test. Ring, finished in 22k. solid gold. Absolutely warranted for five years. Send for size and address. We send post-paid 10 Sacred Heart Pictures to sell at 10c each. When sold, return us the money and we send you absolutely free your ring, carefully packed in an elegant plush-lined case. Write now. RICHELIEU JEWELRY CO., 144 Dock St., ATTLEBORO, MASS.

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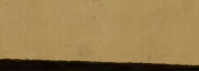

45-PIECE DINNER SET FREE

For selling 10 one-pound cans QUEEN BAKING POWDER, at 25c per can. Each purchaser of a can, we give FREE a PITCHER and the CELEBRATED, hand-cut glass pattern. These Dinner Sets are high grade, and comprised in flowers of 4 colors, and each piece heavily traced with gold. We also give $5, $8 and $12 Piece Dinner Sets, Silver, Watch, Furniture, Sewing Machines, and many other premiums. Write for our premium catalogue. We also give cash commission. Write today for illustrated Premium offering; everything is guaranteed, or money refunded. Don't send a penny. We trust anybody anything, as we send you the goods before you remit. Don't delay. Write today and allow you time to deliver the goods and collect for them before sending us. AMERICAN SUPPLY CO., 809-6 N. SECOND ST. Dept. 127 ST. LOUIS, MO.

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AND JOLLITY

What to Give Up.

A well-known Scotch "meenister" took up golf, and despite great practice could not succeed in passing the tyro stage. His simple exclamations of "Tut, tut," "Oh, dear," were plain evidences of a perturbed spirit. One day, when the perspiration flowed freely from his lofty brow and his honest countenance shone with a luster and radiance which, alas! was not due to calmness of soul, but rather the heat of the sun and his laborious efforts to move the obstinate gutta percha from its station on the tee, he was tempted to indulge in strong language. "Dear, dear, but I'll have to give it up. I'll have to give it up!" he said at last, with a despairing look at the ball.

"Give up the game, Mr. D——!" exclaimed his friend, who had been a witness of his attempts.

"No, na, the meenistry," answered the other, with a sigh.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed wetting. If it did there would be few children that would do it. There is a constitutional cause for this. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 158, Notre Dame, Ind., will send her home treatment to any mother. She asks no money. Write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child. The chances are it can't help it.

Says the Cynical Codger.

Wealth without reasonable enjoyment is reasoning without meat.

A woman never thinks she has written a good letter of sympathy unless it makes the recipient cry.

It's strange that a man always succeeds through sheer ability, whereas hard luck is always the reason for his failures.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases during the past 20 years, and permanently cured, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who have Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Throat, Bronchial and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Bill Came High.

Cholly—I used to think tar was cheap.

Mabel—What caused you to change your mind?

Cholly—I had occasion to consult a lawyer one day last week.

Northern Wisconsin Resources.

Northern Wisconsin offers the finest opportunities for manufacturing and settlement. Fine grazing lands, hardwood timber and splendid soil for the settler; iron ore, clay, marl and kaolin for the manufacturer, are awaiting those who seek the opportunities. Transportation facilities are of the best. Interesting booklets, maps, etc., free for the asking. W. H. Killen, Land and Industrial Commissioner; James C. Pond, Gen. Pass. Agent, Wisconsin Central Ry., Milwaukee, Wis.

As Revised.

Bunker (of Boston)—I understand New York has three million odd inhabitants.

Penn (of Philadelphia)—Odd! You mean crazy, don't you?

Matter of Business.

Magistrate—Well, sir, what are you up here for?

Prisoner—For attending to business, your Honor. I was arrested merely because I opened a clothing store.

Magistrate—I can see nothing wrong about that. Is the man's story true, Officer?

Officer—It is as far as it goes, your honor; but he neglected to state that he opened the store at 2 a. m. with a jimmy.

One or the Other.

"How affectionately Mrs. Hawkbill always addresses her husband."

"Yes; is she afraid of him or he afraid of her?"

POSTER PEOPLE.

A poster man played a poster fiddle
And the tune he played was "Hi Diddle, Diddle,"
And some poster maids that were made in France
Jumped down from the wall and began to prance.

The Cynical Codger.

"Even the inanimate figures go to prove that a rich man who lacks benevolence is badly off," declared the Cynical Codger. "Take the dollar mark—$—for example; it's never any good until it has something beside it."

Hard to Satisfy.

"This, sir!" thundered the victim of the "get-rich-quick" concern, "is what I call a downright outrage!"

"Well," retorted the swindler, "did you ever hear of an upright outrage?"

Toughest Eggs.

"Those shoe soles!" said the old cobbler. "Will never wear out, crack or break; They are—let me whisper the secret— Made from a restaurant buckwheat cake."

Boys.

"My son," said the man, "here are a peck of apples. Here, on the other hand, is a rotten apple. Kindly place the rotten apple among the good apples and leave them thus for a week."

The boy would much rather have eaten the good apples and thrown the rotten apple at the first party to pass with a plug hat, but he was an obedient boy and did as he was told.

When a week had passed the man called attention to the apples.

"There's," said he, "that all the apples are rotten. This is the effect of mingling the good with the bad. Shun evil companionship."

But the marble season was coming on and the boy forgot his father's lesson. He shunned nobody and the result was that a dozen or fifteen shiny boys lost all their marbles playing "keeps" with him, and now the evil of gambling at once whomped had the good boy held aloof they would probably have gone on from bad to worse.

Moral: A girl may be a peach, but a boy is not an apple.—Puck.

On Condition.

"I see some professor says de workin' day ought to be reduced to four hours."

"Gee, if dey keep on cuttin' down de workin' day we'll soon be in de laborin' class."

"Well, I wouldn't much mind workin' about fifteen minutes a day when the weather's pleasant, if de wages was tempting."

Work Planned Out.

"That was a pleasant gentleman you introduced me to."

"Yes; he has some excellent qualities. I am going to make something of him, if he will let me."

"You make something of him? Why, he looks old enough to be your father."

"He is old enough. That's what I'm going to make of him—a father-in-law."

Cautious Papa.

Four hours after the wedding young Mr. Weinstein finds his bride in tears, with a bandaged hand.

"Vy, mein tarling," he exclaims. "Vat it iss dot grieves you?"

"I'd vos papa," she explains. "He vas testing der wedding ring mit some acids, undt I vos so nervousness dot he spilled it by mein fingers."

Nothing in It.

Towne—So Bragg spoke at the banquet last night?

Browne—Yes; and he gave a good account of himself.

Towne—Why, I heard he was most tiresome.

Browne—Of course; what else would you expect an account of himself to be?

Happiness.

He—There is one woman in this world who can thank me for rendering her happy for life.

She—Why, I didn't know you were married.

He—I'm not; I broke the engagement.

Better Left Unsaid.

Mrs. Homer—You can't go home while it is raining so. Stay and have dinner with us.

Mr. Witless—Oh, no, thank you; it isn't as bad as all of that.

TWO LOBSTERS.

"What will your royal nobiots have for tea this evening?"

"I would like very much to have a lobster; but, ugh! I feel so much like a cannibal when I eat one of those vegetables."

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WARRANTED hand sewn ice mocs made shoes, from maker, $2.25; agents wanted. A. Valentine, Ltd 38, Bootmaker, Yt.

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3 a Day Sure and we will show you how to earn it; no canvassing; we furnish the work and teach you free; you can work in spare time or all the time. Send your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work. Address, **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO.,** Box 233 F, Detroit, Mich.

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FREE GOLD WATCH

This watch has the appearance of a solid gold watch and is guaranteed to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plate, with Engine Turned Center. Gold Filled Watch warranted 25 years. Watches will be sent to any address for examination before paying. Send your address and we will send watch by return mail, which you can examine at our expense and pay the watch and chain. Price only $3.98.

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Special Price Only.... 10c.

PITTSBURGH EGG SEPARATOR

It separates the whites of the egg from the yolk without handling the yolk. Necessary in all cooking where eggs are used. No kitchen complete without one. Price only 10c. postpaid.

Agents Wanted. W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STRONGER THAN HATE;

Or, THE FIRE WOULD NOT DIE.

By ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.

(Copyright, 1902, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 4, Feb. 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"I cannot forget how kind you have been to me, and if I say that I do not love you—"

Chasemore made a grimace, but as her eyes were fixed on the floor she did not see it.

"Love," said he, "will follow after. It is enough for me to know that you will marry me. Your mother has always been in favor of it. After all, you need a protector."

"Yes; I need a protector," she whispered.

"Love before marriage is likely as not to fly away after the ceremony because matrimony involves a new condition of life. Whereas a match which is founded on friendship and respect," here he coughed and devoted his attention to the pictures on the walls. "Is more likely to be lasting."

Laura, who had picked up a book from the table was fingering in an aimless way; observed.

"I am sure that your mother will be glad to learn of your decision," he added; "you know that it is the dearest wish of her life that you should be settled."

"Settled is a good word," replied his companion. "Settled and done for as the saying goes. Yes, dear Mrs. Sedgely will be very much pleased at the turn affairs have taken."

He looked at her wondering if she were joking, but the old person took her remark back to her face, which of old he had dreaded.

"You know, Laura, that I have loved you and always shall," he added. "I am a man of the world and probably know better than I should be. But I love you and I would do anything to serve you. Will you trust yourself to my keeping?" and he leaned toward her, and she felt his hot breath on her cheek.

"Yes," and suddenly the light died out of her eyes.

"It is enough," as he drew her toward him and kissed her on the forehead. "You have made me very happy. And now I must tell your mother of this—what she long hoped for—expected!"

"Yes, yes; of course."

He bowed and went out of the room, but as he looked back for a moment he saw that she was huddled up on the couch with her face buried in her hands.

"Well, I thought I knew something about women," he muttered, "but this one is a revelation to me. What does it matter, after all, she has consented to be my wife, and we shall come to an understanding later."

In the meantime Laura Sedgely was not displaying that complete of delight which is generally characteristic of young ladies who are engaged.

"Have I done wrong?" she murmured, walking up and down the room in a restless fashion, clasping and unclasping her fingers nervously. "If Jeoffrey had only said one word all might have been different, but now"—she paused and covered her face with her hands.

It was then that Mrs. Sedgely bustled in, her gray dress glistening with cut-steel beads, sparkling in the firelight. She swooped forward like a bird of prey and clasped Laura in her arms.

"Oh, my dear, you have made me so happy," she gurgled.

Then she drew off and contemplated Laura, as if she were a long lost child whom she had finally found.

"I really wish you wouldn't, mother," drawing away.

"Wouldn't what? I am glad that you have come to your senses, my dear. I am quite ready to forget the cruel words you spoke to me in the past," and she sniffed in her handkerchief. "Now, you will not forbid a mother's rejoicing that you have learned your duty at last, and put the old foolish notions out of your head."

"Mother! You never were a real mother to me," bitterly. "I have done what you wished for, but it was from no sense of loyalty or duty. This attempt to display motherly affection now is nothing short of hypocrisy. Your interest in this match was altogether selfish. I hope that you are happy over your success, and the daughter, with a look of contempt swept out of the room, leaving a surprised and angry lady behind.

"Well, the impudent creature," exclaimed Mrs. Sedgely, her fat face purple with indignation. "What a pity she has outgrown the punishing period. Poor dear Gilbert little knows what a sea of trouble he is embarking on. Still I think he will find means of curbing her will; he has a temper of his own," with a grim smile on her thin lips.

Laura, in the meantime, had sought her own room. The excitement which had maintained her during her interview with Gilbert had been followed by a reaction. Would she not regret to the bitter end the step that irrevocably pledged her to be the wife of the man she did not love? Was she quite herself when she had promised to be his wife, or had she not acted out of pique stung by Jeoffrey's indifference?

Well, it was done now. After all, Jeoffrey had treated her abominably. Why should she waste any more thought over a man who behaved to her with such contempt? She would show him that he was not the only man in the world. Then, as if to show how little she cared for the man who had once been all to her, she flung herself on the bed and wept bitterly.

It was maddening that she could not so easily put the past and its memories behind her, and that now she was pledged to another she thought more of Jeoffrey Hale than before. Where was her pride? It was foolish, unwomanly, but the fact remained to haunt and harass her.

Well, it was her manifest destiny that she should marry Gilbert. At least it would put an end to her eternal clashing with Mrs. Sedgely and peace would reign in the house.

She rose from the bed and bathed her feverish eyes in cold water. Her pride should sustain her in the path that lay before her. She would not mourn over a man who cared nothing for her.

As she was arranging her rumpled hair before the mirror, she saw a folded piece of paper on the dressing table.

She picked it up wonderingly, knowing that it had not been there when she dressed in the morning. How had the paper come there? Who could it be from?

As her eyes rested on the inscription she trembled with a sudden shock, for the writing was not unfamiliar.

She opened the paper with unsteady fingers and read:

"Though you have wrecked my happiness it is not in my power to forget you. Had it is not love but hate that keeps your memory vividly before me. Again I failed. I swear that none other shall win you.

"HALE.

There was no address, only those few lines. She read them over again, then laughed hysterically as tears burst from her small pieces.

"So we have come to threats now?" she murmured, contemptuously. "Does he think to frighten me with a melodramatic chit? If I was in doubt before, I am sure of myself now. He shall see—he shall see!" and she tossed her head defiantly with a flash of defiance in her eyes.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. DEVVINS DOES A LITTLE INVESTIGATING.

"Well, old Jim, why don't you congratulate me?" said Chasemore to his confidant, after imparting the important news of his approaching marriage to the latter in the library after dinner.

Devvins, who had maintained a stolid silence while his master confided the great intelligence, shook his head doubtfully as he blew a ring of smoke into the air and watched it melt away.

"You are not worried yet," he muttered.

"Why, you are a fine old croaker, I must say," the latter laughed. "It's all over and settled. I begin to think that you are a little jealous of the lady. I should fear my influence might oust you out of a comfortable berth."

He had struck the mark exactly, but Devvins, though he felt the shot, was not ready to acknowledge that he was hit.

"I don't believe that you could find any one ready to serve you better than I have," said he.

"Certainly no one who had such a modest idea of his own ability!" and Chasemore's eyes twinkled. He was in such a fine humor himself that it gave him pleasure to tease his gloomy companion. "But you are not the man you used to be, Devvins. I have noticed lately that you are full of fancies in your mind—you don't think as clearly as you used to."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" asked the other, gruffly.

Chasemore helped himself to a glass of wine and sipped it slowly. "You ought to know what I refer to myself."

"But I don't."

"Why, the wild idea that Hale has come to the front again, and was wandering around the neighborhood disguised in a disreputable garb. Then, after leading me all over town through the snow and mire, we find out that it was an entirely different person. Now, that's what I mean by saying you are not the clear-headed chap you used to be."

A cynical smile played about Devvins' thin lips.

"It is because I am sure of my ground that I believe that other than Hale I saw that I saw that day. I thought so then, and I think so now," and these words, he rose and shuffled out of the room.

"Poor chap, the fancy is becoming fixed on his mind. He will end in a mad-house," thought Chasemore spoke louder than he intended and Devvins heard him and his face clouded up.

"Mad, am I?" he muttered, savagely. "And thinks of getting rid of me. And he thinks to frighten me with threats. I know she dislikes me and will have influence enough to turn me out. That's what becomes of a faithful servant. This match must be broken off."

He put on his hat and coat and went out on the porch of the villa to think the matter over.

Devvins was alarmed at the prospect of losing such a comfortable berth. He knew that it would not be easy to find another as good. He was not treated like a servant, and the perquisites were numerous, the work easy. He was not strong enough to stand out in the cold much longer. Clearly if the woman stepped in, he must step out. What could he do to prevent it?

Perhaps if Hale could be brought on the scene again? Was he in the neighborhood? Devvins had begun to doubt it himself, though he would not own up to Chasemore. He decided to go into the street in the hope that he might be able to form some idea of Hale's present whereabouts. The difficulty was, that, even if he could get hold of Hale he would have to acknowledge his part in the plot and it looked as if he stood a fine chance of losing his place.

Wandering down the deep thought through the silent town he strayed mechanically into the street which he had not entered since in company with Chasemore they were searching for the stranger. He arrived before the hedge that surrounded the cottage in the clearing, and before he had made up his mind what to do, had climbed the bank and pushed his way through the bushes.

The old cottage was dark, and crouching there in the moonlight with its strangely distorted roof, it looked not unlike some great uncouth monster of the forest.

I suppose they don't display a light since our visit," was his thought, as he approached the little house more from a feeling of curiosity than anything else.

His thoughts went back to that night when he and Chasemore stood peering in through the shutters on the cozy room with its neat-set table, and again he wondered who the third place at the board was set for.

He passed the window where they had stood and having reached the back of the house, found that it was much larger in extent than the front view suggested. There was an extension of some size from which a strange sound proceeded. Before he sembled escaping steam more than anything he could remember.

Apparently some unlawful business was carried on in this lonely house. It was admirably situated for a secret still or a false coiner. Devvins was of an inquiring mind. He wanted to find out what that strange sound meant, moreover, there might be some money in it. He crept nearer.

Since the extension was of recent construction he could see by the unpainted boards of which it was built. The windows were boarded up, but he thought he heard some one moving around inside.

How was the place ventilated? Then he saw a faint glow above the roof. The place must be furnished with a chimney all through a trap door or skylight. Having made his discovery, Devvins now wanted to learn more. There was a stout vine running up the back of the house on a trellis. If that could support his weight he could reach the roof of the extension.

He was not the first time he had reason to be thankful that he weighed so little. He climbed up noiselessly and found himself on the roof. It was quite flat and composed—a large transom through which a red light was streaming occupied the center of the roof.

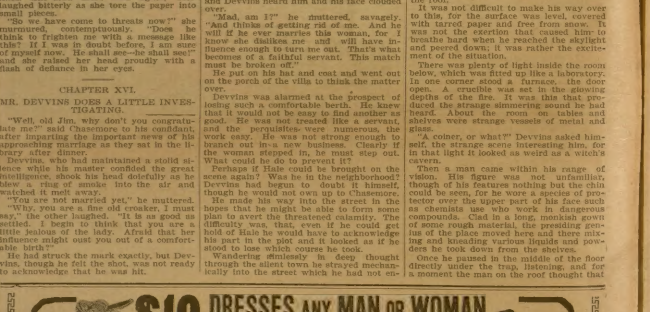
It was not difficult to make his way over to this, for the surface was level, covered with tarred paper and free from snow. It was not the exertion that caused him to breathe hard when he reached the skylight. It was excitement. He was rather the excitement of the situation.

A candle was set in the glass dome which was fitted up like a laboratory. In one corner stood a furnace, the door open. A crucible was set in the glowing depths of the fire. It was this that produced the strange simmering noise he had heard. About the room on tables and shelves were strange vessels of metal and glass.

"A coiner, or what?" Devvins asked himself, the strange scene bewildering him, for in that light it looked as weird as a witch's cavern.

Then a man came within his range of vision. His figure was not distinguished, though of his features nothing but the chin could be seen, for he wore a species of protector over the upper part of his face such as chemists use who work in dangerous fumes. Standing in a long, narrow room of some rough material, the presiding genius of the place moved here and there mixing and kneading various liquids and powders he took down from the shelves.

Once he paused in the middle of the floor directly under the trap, listening, and for a moment the man on the roof thought that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perhaps he had been seen through the glass and drew back.

When he looked again the strange occupant of the laboratory was out of sight.

"Well, I guess I have seen enough," was the watcher's thought. "Clearly this fellow is engaged in some unlawful trade. He secrets his workshop in a good place. I think the police would give a little for what I can tell them."

In view of the fact that he soon expected to be out of a berth, it would be well to look out for the dollars.

Turning away from the skylight he made his way somewhat carefully back as he had come, feeling that the evening had not been entirely lost.

It was not so easy for him to swing down by the vine on the side of the house as it was getting on, because he was cramped from his sojourn on the roof in the keen air. As he dropped to the ground he slipped on the frozen surface, and felt a sharp wrenching pain in one of his ankles.

His ideas were hazy as to what happened next, but there was a sudden flash of red before his eyes, his arms were grasped in an iron grip and he breathed something that was strangely and carefully tuck

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Taken as they were with the idea of moving the camp from its present location to the "oasis," there was but little time for talk. Mr. Waite seemed to have almost gained his former strength, and the boys worked with wondrous energy, running, talking, laughing, as happy as any two boys ever were in the world. The tent was struck and carried to the "oasis," as the spot inside the cliffs was soon called by all, and set up again on a little knoll lined by the spring. And all the lighter articles from the wagon were placed on the sandy floor of the little chapel where we could ever reach them, roofed as it was by rock fifty feet thick.

A study of the tunnel by Johnnie resulted in a discovery, made by his sharp eyes, of a way by which it could easily be converted into a cave, or, rather, two caves. At a point near the middle the roof came down to within eleven or twelve feet of the floor and the sides narrowed to a little less than nine feet and then suddenly expanded again, on the inner side, to thirty or forty feet high and twenty or thirty feet wide, the narrowing down much smaller before the opening was reached.

The sudden enlargement of the tunnel after it reached its narrowest point, just described in the center, left a sharp edge or shoulder all around the wall, and when Johnnie pointed out that if with the wagon cover and some blankets a curtain eleven feet square could be hung so as to cover the opening, they "would have a fine double cave, with two doors between," as he expressed it.

"Where are your curtain rods, sonny?" was his father's immediate comment to the proposition, and the boy responded by directing him to the opening and pointing across the ranch to the trees down on the northeast corner.

"May we not hope to find them there?" he asked.

This could not be attended to the first day, however, for it was well up in the afternoon before every one except the sick girl was rested when they had moved all they could to more at present to the new situation.

The antelope furnished a great feast to the tired people, and a dainty one to Annie, who was intensely interested in all the wonderful good fortune of the family, and who took the keenest interest in all the arrangements for comfort during what they hoped would be but a short stay in their journey.

Shortly after sunset the sky became overcast with heavy clouds and soon a heavy rain storm, which must certainly have been quite unusual in that part of the world, came on, and lasted over an hour and then settled down into a dreary and persistent drizzle that lasted all that night and the next day, and prevented the travelers from making any exploration of the "new domain."

But on the following day, impelled by curiosity and having nothing else to do, the boys and their father set off after breakfast and made the entire circuit of the ranch. So far as they could judge by the eyes and the time it took to go around it, it was over a mile wide and two miles long, though of quite irregular shape, and broken in many places by long tongues of rock running out from the main line of the surrounding cliffs. In a few places they were able to ascend to the top of the cliffs on the jutting spurs, and found the top it could be seen that a tumbled mass of almost mountainous rocks and hills stretched away to the west and northwest farther than the eye could reach, but that the wall on the north and east was not continuous, for they could see the circular horizon of the prairie far out beyond the summit of the rocks. It did not seem, judging by their view on that first trip around, that there was any other place in all the surrounding wall where the enclosure could be entered, and this idea was borne out to a great extent by the fact that they saw no large animals whatever on all the surface, though there seemed to be a great number of rabbits wherever they went. The trees, seen at a distance from the entrance, proved, on coming up to them, to form a small wood in the center of which was a large pool formed by the little brook flowing from the spring, which ran hither and thither across the ranch, and this pool overflowed into a considerable strip of sandy and rocky ground where the water sank away and disappeared.

It was long after the dinner hour when the "men folks," as Johnnie proudly termed Mr. Waite and himself, returned from their explorations, and they brought with them, among other trophies, three strong, slender poles, which the youngest member had insisted on obtaining for the "curtain rods."

CHAPTER VI.

THE STONE-BOAT.

Early the next day Mr. Waite announced [illegible] work of the wagon and all the heavier articles to the ranch, in order that he might make an effort to put the wagon on its wheels again, and not have to go so far to and fro while at the work.

Incredulity was on the faces of the boys when the intention was expressed.

"I think Mahomet will have to go to the mountain for the good reason that the mountain won't come to him," said Henry.

"Seems that way to me, too," added Johnnie. "Dick is strong and all that, but he would look like the picture of the mythography of Atlas with the world on his back if we load him up with the wagon box."

"You are a sensible boy, Johnnie, my dears," put in Anna's gentle voice, "but it pays to think of having the wagon up here he has also thought of some good way of doing it, and all the lighter parts—"

"All right, your ladyship," said Johnnie, with a bow, "you mum," nevertheless both he and Henry turned their curious eyes on their father.

But he refused to satisfy their curiosity.

"I am a sphinx," he said, "and do not divulge my secrets. You may be entrusted, however, will be to keep your eyes 'open and your mouths shut' for once."

"Lead on, sir," said Henry, grandly, "and we will follow you unto death."

Under Mr. Waite's direction, the oxen were then yoked up; all their chains and ropes were found, and the wagon box and, taking the ax and two of the guns with him, he went off to the northeast corner for the small wood in the opposite corner of the ranch.

It was a beautiful morning and the cattle stepped out briskly over the rich, green grass, Mr. Waite and the boys walking together beside them, and chatting animatedly of all kinds of subjects, the splendid view, the cool air and bright sunshine awakened by the rain, and, above all, Johnnie made many efforts to see into his father's mind and study out the object of the expedition, but all his shrewd leading evasions always defeated him.

It was quite early, however, before the trees were reached, and then the oxen were unyoked and allowed to feed about at will, and the leader of the small force issued his first command without any direct bearing on the subject he had in view.

"Now, boys," said he, "we will separate as far apart as possible in the edge of the forest and each and every one must search with all his eyes for a stout stick, as nearly as smoothly and evenly into two parts of equal size."

"What for?" came the inevitable question from Johnnie.

"Wait and see," came the equally ready answer from his father.

"I know," said Johnnie, eagerly.

"Wait and see," said Henry, in a solemn voice.

"You are very brilliant people, indeed," retorted the youngest member, with a scornful twist, and off he went in the direction he was told to go, looking and searching everywhere for that mysterious piece that should be split smoothly and evenly into two parts of equal size."

This proved to be much easier to say than to do. Every one looked carefully over his particular territory, but when they met to compare notes not a piece was found like that would do. As Henry said, "Some did split divinely well, but unevenly and unevenly into two parts but of very unequal size, and some divided into two equal parts but did it most unevenly and "twisted-ly." Again they tried, this time changing territory and looking in places they were not. Johnnie took Henry's, and Mr. Waite took Johnnie's.

Still no result.

"Looks as if we are 'up a stump,'" said Henry.

"No slang, Hank," admonished Johnnie. "Let's try once more. You and father must remember that I have only been over two-thirds of the piece yet."

"Very well," said Waite. "We must not despair, Henry, till Master John has let his gaze roam over his realm. It is true that he don't know what he wants, but that will make no difference with his finding it. We will try once again for the third and last time, as the auctioneers say, and then will all go together and take council with one another."

Off they started, changing territory again, and but a few moments had passed before the shrill voice of Johnnie was heard calling to the others to come and see what he had found.

Not greatly interested, Henry and Mr. Waite completed the rounds they had started on before going to where Johnnie's voice was calling excitedly. There they had both been over the ground and felt sure there was nothing there they wanted.

But no mistake could have been greater. Arrived at the place, Johnnie pushed aside some gooseberry bushes with his foot and showed them a tree that "branched evenly and smoothly," two feet from the ground, into two equal parts, that turned straight up again after they had branched about four feet apart, the reason of its having been overlooked by the others being that the entire lower part was concealed by the bushes, so that unless they were parted the appearance was as of two trees growing side by side.

"Just the thing!" cried Mr. Waite, and "Noble young Kit Carson," added Henry, thumping his brother on the back.

"I'm not Kit Carson," said Johnnie. "I'm more like George Washington, for I cannot tell a lie. I'd never have found the tree if I hadn't got discouraged and stopped to eat some gooseberries from this particular bush. They are not very thick, you see, and in digging into the bushes after more, I happened to see the bottom of the tree."

Well," said h - father, "you shall now be excused for your honesty, even if you cannot reward you for skilful hunting, by being told that this tree is going to be the one to make a stone-boat. You will want to know what a stone-boat is, and I am pleased informed that it is ma- [illegible] shall cut this tree down [illegible] and then cut off the branches about eight feet from wi- they fork out. Then we shall trim off the bark and flat off one side of the butt end so that it will not dig into the ground, but run over the top of it. Then we will put sort of floor on top of the branches, fasten a chain to the front and the ends of the poles, and there we will be, with a fine vehicle. It will jump about a good deal, and will not be able to carry quite a large quantity of dust, but no sort of use will break it down."

It will be a fine thing," said Johnnie, solemnly, "and I'd like to be the first one to ride on it. But how are we to get the tree? Can't we cut some poles up into short lengths for the floor?"

Just the idea, my son," said Mr. Waite, in a thrilling tone, and he pulled out his knife at the same time. They took turns in chopping, though there was more puffing than chop when Johnnie had the ax, and it was not long before the tree fell with a heavy crash. It proved to be rather better for the purpose than they had hoped, while the branch were around it for three was a particular curve at the bottom that made the "prow," as Henry called it, stick up quite a bit, and the forked ends that started to cut this part of it the "snout," but was not left untrimmed to do.

After the branches had been cut off the right length, the ones were brought in and fastened to the prow, and the stone-boat drawn out into the open. The bark was removed from the lower side, but the finishing touches were left to be performed at more at leisure in the evening. A few slender poles to be cut up for the floor were stripped down and fastened onto the boat, and a few dry, fallen branches and small trees for fuel were added to the load which the cattle found no small one as it

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trailed and sprawled behind them across the meadow.

The shaping of the front and the splitting and fastening of the strips for the floor took the rest of that day, and the next, for. In order to save what nails they had, they fastened on the floor strips by boring holes through them and into the branches, and driving in pegs whittled out of some of the hard, dry wood. A two-inch hole was bored from side to side through the front, so that a chain could be more easily fastened on; and on the day following the stone-boat was ready and Mrs. Waite was given the honor of the first ride upon it.

There was now no trouble in hauling the remainder of the wagon up to the camp, and as soon as that was accomplished, Mr. Waite went to work on it in the hope that he might be able to repair it, and the boys went off to the trees again to haul up more dry wood.

After a careful investigation of the injured vehicle Mr. Waite rather mournfully reported that it would be impossible to get even two good wheels out of it and that they must finally abandon all idea of using it.

Said he: "It now looks to me as if the thing to be done is for me to take the pony to carry some water and provisions, and to start off south in the hope of finding some party of immigrants on the main trail who can be induced to take us with them on the journey. I might go north, also, though that would involve quite a trip to the east to get around the great spur of rocky cliffs that enclose this ranch of ours, for I have no doubt, from my general knowledge of the many routes verging together farther westward, that there are trains passing to the north as well as to the south of us."

With frantic bounds, dragging the pony after him.

"It will be awful slow traveling on foot that way," said Henry. "If we only had a horse that you could ride, it wouldn't take a quarter of the time, and you could go much farther either way, if need be."

"That's very true, my boy, but we have no horse and must make the best of it as it is. There is no hurry, yet, for Anna, though improving very fast, as your mother and I both feel, is still far from being well enough to travel, and it would be useless to prepare for the journey before we could start on it."

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" murmured Henry to himself, and wandered away from the others in deep meditation.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WILD HORSES.

Master Johnnie's curious eyes and inquiring mind had quite another discovery which Henry said, when it was reported to him, would be "interesting if true." This was that there was a just east of the tunnel where the cliff could be scaled with the help of a ladder not over a dozen feet long.

At that distance above the ground there was a rather wide border of rock winding up along the side of the cliff, and, apparently, cut out among some projecting spurs, that seemed to lend a helping hand to the way, something like two hundred feet from its commencement.

"It'll be very easy to find out about it," said Henry, and the boys, with great eagerness set about constructing a ladder after a rough but substantial fashion by fastening, with strong pegs, some cross-pieces on to a couple of slender but strong poles.

When this ladder was set up, both boys ascended together and made their way, side by side, where the path was broad enough, and with Johnnie permitted to lead in narrower places, up the winding way. The path was there and perfectly safe and practicable for the first half of the distance. Then a perpendicular wall higher than their heads was met and they had to return and make another ladder, a short one this time, however.

Carrying this with them, with much puffing and sweating, they set it up at the proper place and proceeded on their way. A little farther on they came to a place where the path narrowed down to not over a foot wide, and ran for a few paces, with nothing to hold on to for support, along the face of the cliff, which here leaned so far inward that the boys could not see the foot of it lying fifty feet below them, and rose straight and smooth nearly fifty feet above them.

"Jerusalem crickets!" gasped Johnnie, as he suddenly came out upon this point, from behind a projecting rock which had hidden for quite a distance between the path and the inside of the cliff, "here's a circus man to want very badly to walk over a path like that. But, here goes," and, before Henry could raise a word in protest, the little fearless boy was almost floating in air before his eyes. Neither of the boys was inclined to dizziness, however, and over they went without any delay.

Johnnie told his mother afterward that it was "nothing, anyway, compared to the ridge pole of Farmer Jenkins' big barn at home," and he "used to run races on that."

The way was smooth and easy after this and in a few moments the boys came out on a smooth, level spot on top of the cliff, with the wall sheer down on the inside, but with several sharp, jagged points of rock rising up, "like a picket fence," they said, between them and the outside of the cliff.

Looking through the wide openings of this "fence," the beauty of the vast plain was so magnificent that for a long time the boys stood gazing upon it and not uttering a word.

"This pays us pretty well, Hunk," said Johnnie, with a deep-drawn sigh, and they remained up there for nearly two hours, feasting their eyes on the wonderful prospect, and were full of enthusiasm in describing it to the others when they went down again.

The next day, shortly after the dinner hour, while Anna was sleeping, Mr. and Mrs. Waite, sitting beside the bubbling spring in earnest conversation, and Henry gone down to the site of their first camp to hunt for his knife, which he feared he had lost there, Master Johnnie took it into his head that he would go up to the "look-out" again.

Henry, returning from the fortunately successful quest after his knife, saw the little form up there, perched in what looked to be a very dangerous position between two of the projecting rocks.

Henry shouted out a loud "Hello," but got no answer, however, so Johnnie heard him and waved his hand a little in response, but did not turn his eyes from a fixed gaze out over the prairie to the southwest, and while Henry was gazing at him in wonder, he saw the little fellow suddenly clamber down and disappear behind the rocks with every evidence of haste.

Henry quickened his steps somewhat, in order to meet Johnnie at the foot of the ascent and learn what he had seen that so interested him, visions of long and lightly-loaded emigrant trains floating through his mind.

But the young boy must have flown down from the perch, for, before Henry reached the entrance of the narrow canyon, Johnnie came flying to meet him, his face red and his eyes blazing with excitement.

"Say, Hank!" he cried, in a loud whisper, as if he feared the rocks might hear if he spoke in his natural voice, "what do you suppose I saw over there about a mile—wild horses, and some are little, and I'd like to catch the big black one, and there's a beauty all white like snow, and the black is just the best of all, and if we could get

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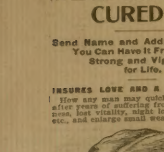

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him, anyway, papa could ride as far as he liked," and Johnnie stopped for sheer want of breath.

Recovering himself again somewhat, he told the eagerly listening Henry that out about a mile on the plain, concealed from where they now stood by a rolling hill, there was a large drove of wild horses feeding quietly on the short, green grass that had, in consequence of the rain, sprung up as if by magic over all the surface swept by the fire that had so nearly proven fatal to the travelers.

Johnnie's plan, formed on the instant he had spied the horses and made out what they were, was that Dick should catch the Shetland pony, and, taking his lariat, a very fine one of rawhide, sent him by an admiring uncle who had crossed the plains, should go out to the southern end of the little valley in which the horses were feeding and wait there, ready to dash forward upon them as soon as they should come his way—a thing which he now wanted Henry to induce them to do by running around to the northern end and starting the drove down to where Johnnie should be waiting.

Henry started to laugh the proposition to scorn, but changed his mind and kept his face straight when he saw how deeply the young boy was determined on the effort. He tried gently to dissuade him, and talked to gain time, for he had not the least doubt but that Johnnie's disappointment would be very great when his plan failed, as fail it must.

But it was no use. Tears of anxiety began to gather in the boy's eyes, and that was too much for his stout mother.

"Hurry and get your pony, then," he said, "and I will have here to have you home before the words were said to the wind, for the last words were said to me on his run through the canyon for Dick and the saddle and lariat.

"Poor little fellow," sighed Henry to himself, "he will feel sick when he finds out that there is nothing to do about it. When his head is set it is set, and that's the end of it."

Far sooner than he could have believed, Johnnie entered the valley, accompanied on the little pony and bringing two large bridles with him. He had been so excited at the time their horses had been stolen that he had forgotten to take them out at the beginning of their journey. One of these bridles he had found in the saddlebags that was not fairly firmly strapped about the wild and restless Shetland pony by the usual leather thong, and the other was given him more firmly by passing a long, wide belt twice around the animal's body and buckling it fast. The famous lariat was in the boy's right hand, and he showed quite of the art of lassooing, which Johnnie had practiced with tireless persistence on everything that would run, from cats to calves, and had received the gift.

The order that he gave to Henry "to be used in case of need."

Hopeful now that the boys hurried westward along the cliff for about half a mile till they could see where the wild horses were, and here Henry stopped to wait while Johnnie sped away down the valley to the northern end of the drove after Henry should have started them.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RACE.

Very tiny, indeed, seemed the boy and Shetland at that distance, and entirely hopeless and ridiculous did the whole proposition that filled the boy's soul with ambition, but there was no disappointment in the patient wave of his hand by which he signaled back over the distance to Henry to move.

Henry ran at once to the top of the intervening hill and looked down into the valley.

He was surprised and somewhat startled to see the horses so near him, and as his eyes fell on the famous white and black that had so fired Johnnie, he gave up at once all the faint hope he might have still kept for his brother's success. For these two horses were no thin and wiry Indian ponies, but were horses that looked as if they might have been reared in civilization and had escaped to a state of wildness again. They were tall and slender, with beautiful, tapering limbs and deep, massive chests, and when Henry first sighted the piebald, which was somewhat the larger, must have detected a suspicious scent in the air, for he was standing with head erected to its full extent, his long, silken mane and tail alert and wide.

The strong wind that was blowing tossed his long mane and flowing tail and he was altogether, such a picture of strength and beauty that Henry, in spite of his anxiety and sorrow at his heart that such a wonderful animal should be lost to him and to all men, ocean rolled between.

Henry was instantly perceived, and off the horses dashed at a good round speed in fulfilment of Johnnie's fondest dreams, straight down the valley, showing no disposition to turn out of it, either to the right or the left. Henry rushed fully to the top and looked after the swinging, easy flight, his heart beating with excitement and pride, with tears in his eyes as he thought of the still keener disappointment Johnnie would feel when he found that the horses should show him as clearly as he himself had seen at the first glance how great was the prize that was sure to slip through his fingers.

On sped the drove, running close together, the tall forms of the black and white showing clearly above the smaller horses about them.

They must be clearly approaching the spot where the devoted boy is waiting for them.

Will they detect him with their keen nostrils and turn aside?

Not if a wild yell from Henry at the thought can divert their attention from everything except the fancied danger behind.

"There he comes," suddenly screamed Henry to himself, all alone there on the hill top, and "there he did come," indeed.

The fleeing drove of wild horses had swerved somewhat to the western side of the valley, and just at the time that Henry cried out, he saw that they hesitated a moment, and then stopped their forward movement, huddling more closely together and gazing in startled wonder at the strange sight that came flying down the western hillside.

It was Johnnie and the pony, and they were both bent on mischief. Shrilly rang out the boy's wild cry to the frantic Dick, said Dick, in response, as he had never run before. His sturdy little legs worked under him in short, springing bounds, his stubby head with its wildly lashing, tumbled mane was thrust out straight ahead, and he called with a small ringing to the wild horses toward which he was making the best speed he had ever made in all his days.

Johnnie, clinging to the saddle with his knees and heels, both heels into the pony's side, bent low over the pommel and with a face as red as fire from excitement, his eyes burning like coals and his teeth set and white, yelled "Hi, Hi!" to the pony as they flew, not at the nearest horses, which were the smallest ones, but at the white, which was in the lead and slightly past him, but straight as an arrow from the aim of the magnificent black in the rear of the others, and now, with tossing head and flowing mane, a most beautiful creature, looking, as it were, in amusement and wonder at the puny little boy and plucky rider who seemed to be presuming to trouble him, the fleetest steed of all the plains round about.

Yes; it was true. The pigmies were coming straight for him, and with a snort of the breath from his nostrils, he turned as lightly and gracefully as a young fawn or a deer, and stretched out his fair, black form to leave the tormentors behind, as the whirlwind leaves a track.

But the speed of those four flying feet, urged on by the fear of being forced, despite, was beyond belief and the scornful, sporting hope of the wonderful black had not carried him ten feet from the place in which he stood when he whirled about before the hiss of the rawhide lasso cut the air from Johnnie's sinewy and skillful hand and fell over the neck and shoulders of the splendid creature.

The effect was magical, and, to Henry standing on the hilltop uniting with his utmost speed while he gazed, it was terrible.

As the black horse felt the noose settle about his neck, some instinct seemed to tell him that he was caught, and he fell to the ground as it were a ball from the cannon's mouth, like a thunderbolt forward, and, in stripping with double speed the fluttering feet of the pony.

A second and the lasso, drawn taut by his dight, sung in the air like the stroke of a violin, and the Johnnie suddenly felt the pony fly from under him and he tumbled a confused heap on the ground, but sprang instantly to his feet and gazed with staring eyes on the spectacle unfolding before his black horse, with frantic bounds, dragging on his side the struggling and squealing pony at full speed over the short, green grass by the lariat, which Johnnie had firmly tied, in his excitement, to the saddle.

But the rush of the fettered horse could not last long. Soon the lariat was drawn tightly about his neck and he could not breathe. Blood and foam were his leaps and bounds, and, all at once he sprang wildly into the air and fell over on his side.

Henry, now at the valley, was running at the top of his speed toward the struggling animals.

In the next installment of this charming story of adventure, the great prize, which will be found in next week's issue of the Ledger, some very dramatic and interesting things happen. To every reader who subscribes for the Ledger we give a photograph catalogue of fashions for ladies' garments free. Note advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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A Rough Estimate.

A well-known judge, who is as famous for his wit as for his corpulency, was much disturbed in mind by his tendency to ever-increasing stoutness. He tried many remedies, but without any success. At length a friend suggested that he should take a course of treatment at certain hot springs. He immediately set out for the place, sojourned for a few weeks at it, managed to get rid of a good deal of his superfluous flesh, and returned home in a most happy and jocular frame of mind.

On the first morning after his return, when he was wending his way to the court house, he came to the butcher's shop where his family were supplied with meat. Marching inside, he said:

"Cut me off twenty pounds of pork."

The butcher sharpened his knife and at once complied. The judge looked at the meat for a minute or two and then walked off.

"Shall I send the pork to your house, my lord?" inquired the butcher, who felt that the latter had ordered instructions.

"Oh, no," was the reply, given with a smile. "I don't want it. I have fallen off just twenty pounds, and I only wanted to have an idea of how much it was."

Items of Interest.

There are about 12,000 lepers in the Philippine Islands.

A carrier pigeon, flying with a strong wind, covers 1,500 yards in a minute.

A weekly paper, published in Athens, Greece, is written entirely in verse, even the advertisements.

Red-haired people, it is stated, are less liable to become bald than those with hair of any other color.

The first ruler honored with the title of "his majesty" was Louis XI. of France. Before that time sovereigns were usually styled his or her "highness."

A well-known old boy is Mr. Nathaniel Wright of Boston, England. His age is one hundred years and he is still active and vigorous. He has never employed a doctor or taken medicine, and has always shunned tobacco and alcoholic stimulants.

Contact with poison ivy caused the total blindness of Miss Fanny Knowles of Harrison, N. J. After enduring her severe affliction for ten years, an operation performed a short time ago by Doctor William Morgan of Newark, completely restored sight to her left eye.

A doctor in Hiattville, Kansas, is fond of his tod, and he frequently becomes demented under the influences of drink. He was lately arrested as an insane person and his friends begged his release, that he might attend to his patients. The judge released him, with the reprimand that if he became insane again that is, went on a spree), he would be clapped into an asylum quicker than a cat can bat its eye.

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"We hesitated about renting this place," said the woman who had just moved in, "until we learned that the families on both sides of us owned their houses. It is so unpleasant to live where the people next door are always changing, and you never know what kind of neighbors you are going to have."

"Yes," responded the woman on the other side of the fence. "That's one reason why we're trying to sell our house."

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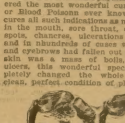

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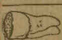

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Kitty Knew About Sheep.

Seven sheep were standing
 By the pasture wall.
"Tell me," said the teacher
 To her scholars small,
"One poor sheep was frightened,
 Jumped and ran away;
One from seven—how many
 Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers—
 A farmer's daughter she,
Not so bright at figures
 As she ought to be.
"Please, ma'am"—"Well, then, Kitty,
 Tell us, if you know."
"Please, if one jumped over,
 All the rest would go!"

Shepherds on Stilts.

In certain parts of the old country stilts are put to a very practical use. Shepherds wear them while tending their flocks. The stilts enable the shepherds to run with great swiftness.

There is an American clown touring with a certain big circus, who at every performance, offers to run on stilts against any one in the audience. The clown's opponent is, of course, not expected to wear stilts. During the race the clown takes steps from 12 to 15 feet long and usually wins from his rival with yards to spare.

Aside from racing there are many tests to try the skill of any one who professes to know how to walk on stilts, as, for instance, the trick of taking one stilt off and putting it on again, or bending down and picking something from the ground without tipping over.

The performance on stilts which a clever clown can give is rather different from the work of an ordinary boy, but there are some boys who can fairly outdo a clown, for stilts are a boy's own peculiar treasure and it is hard to beat a boy at his own game.

Pilfering Bears.

General Corbin, who has just returned to Washington from a trip to Yellowstone Park, tells how some bears in the park raided the Fountain House. "I investigated myself and found that the bears had broken into the kitchen of the hotel and simply ruined all the stores, leaving the hotel and its guests without food enough for a meal. It was sidesplitting to listen to the Chinese cook attempt to describe the visit of the bears. He became excited, spluttered, grinned and squawked and went through all the supposed maneuvers of the beasts in his endeavor to explain the damage that had been done. It was really no laughing matter for the proprietor of the hotel and Colonel Pitcher sent men to punish the intruders."

"Would they kill the bears?" General Corbin was asked.

"Oh, no; they would only whip them. They would take a big bull whip and lash the bears soundly. Experience has taught, so the park people say, that a good sound thrashing from a bull whip will last a bear, either brown or grizzly, for the remainder of the season.

Friday Good to America.

Friday has really been an eventful day in American history. It was on Friday that Columbus set sail on his world-discovering voyage, and on Friday he discovered this country. The Pilgrims arrived on Friday. St. Augustine, Fla., our nation's oldest town, was founded on Friday. George Washington was born on Friday. Bunker Hill was seized and fortified on Friday; Saratoga surrendered on Friday, and on the same day of the week Lord Cornwallis surrendered Yorktown. These facts should dispel the superstition with Americans at least, that Friday is an unlucky day.

Could Afford to Have a Cow.

In an illustrated anecdotal biography of President McKinley, The Ladies Home Journal gives the following amusing anecdote of Mother McKinley:

Just after the President's inauguration he had his relatives who were in the city at a family dinner at the White House. It was a large company, and a very good dinner. Dear old Mother McKinley was there, but she was not very talkative. She was too happy for words. But she kept a sharp eye on the dinner, and no detail of it escaped her. She was impressed by the quantity of cream served with the fruit and coffee, for she looked up at her son in her sweet way and said:

"William, you must keep a cow now."

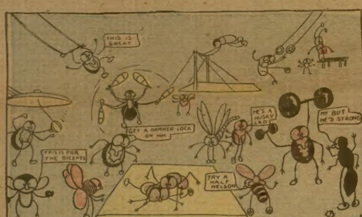
Some of the younger members of the family party found it difficult to suppress a smile, but the President, with his usual tact and graciousness, replied:

"Yes, mother, we can afford to have a cow now, and have all the cream we can possibly use."

Couldn't Mail His Kitty.

The United States mail service is continually handling all sorts of curious things, but all previous records were broken, so far as the Omaha postoffice is concerned, when a kitten, properly tagged and addressed and stamped, was pushed through the window labelled "Packages." The sender was a colored boy so small that he could scarcely reach the window, and when the clerks explained to him that the animal could not go through the mails, and forced him to take it back, his contempt for the institution was unlimited.

"Why can't I send it?" he wailed. "It's a present to ma aunt and they all needs a cat. I done spend ma money for stamps for dis animal and spec' youse don't take it 'cause I'se colored."



A GLIMPSE OF THE BUGBURG ATHLETIC CLUB.

The Land of Anyhow.

Beyond the isle of What's-the-use,
 Where Slipshod Point is now,
There used to be, when I was young,
 The land of Anyhow.

Don't Care was king of all this realm,
 A cruel king was he,
For those who served him with good heart
 He treated shamefully.

When boys and girls their tasks would
 slight,
 And cloud poor mother's brow,
He'd say, "Don't care! It's good enough!
 Just do it anyhow!"

But when in after life they longed
 To make proud fortune bow,
He let them find that fate ne'er smiles
 On work done anyhow.

A Natural Question.

The youngster in the art gallery looked long and earnestly at the painting. Then he read the inscription:

"Do you like it?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I like it well enough," he answered, "but I don't understand it."

"What is it you don't understand?"

"Why, it says 'Wild Horses—After Rosa Bonheur.' I see the horses all right, but where's the girl they're after?"

The Hoarse Hoot.

The squirrel was complaining of a toothache.

Haven't I warned you time and again," said the owl, "about using your teeth to crack nuts?"

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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